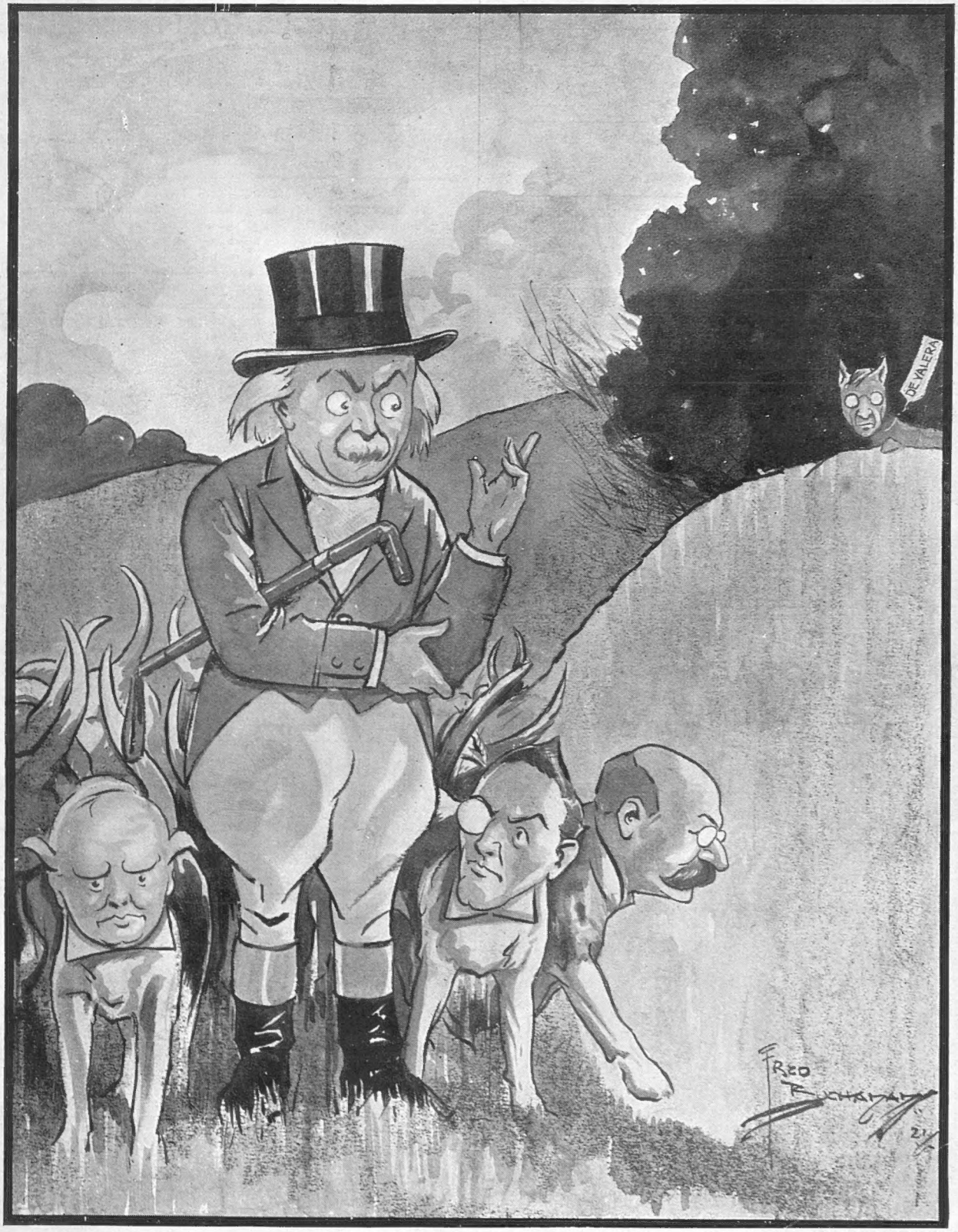
The Bystander, October 5, 1921 No. 931. Vol. LXXII.

The BYSTANDER



BY FRED BUCHANAN

THE M.F.H. (*soliloquising*): "PLENTY OF FOXES THIS COMING SEASON, BUT WILL THE PACK WORK TOGETHER, I WONDER?"

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

The Failure of Prohibition

WHEN Lord Northcliffe was asked in America what he thought of Prohibition he replied that if his questioners would show it to him he would tell them. Sir John Foster Fraser found that Prohibition does not prohibit university professors, town marshals and sheriffs, or anyone else who "has the price." A Chicago police official has said that half the police of that city are acting as distributors of spirits at the charge of £1 per case for their services; they use police waggons for the job and one police station had been converted into a whisky depôt. It is sad to see how a moral reform has brought the law into contempt, instituted one law for the rich and another for the poor, corrupted the officers of the law, and reduced university professors to the level of deliberate criminals. But there is one bright spot in this dark picture. Prohibition has proved effective in at least one particular on at least one occasion. I have the information from one who can personally vouch for its accuracy.

Gnat Straining

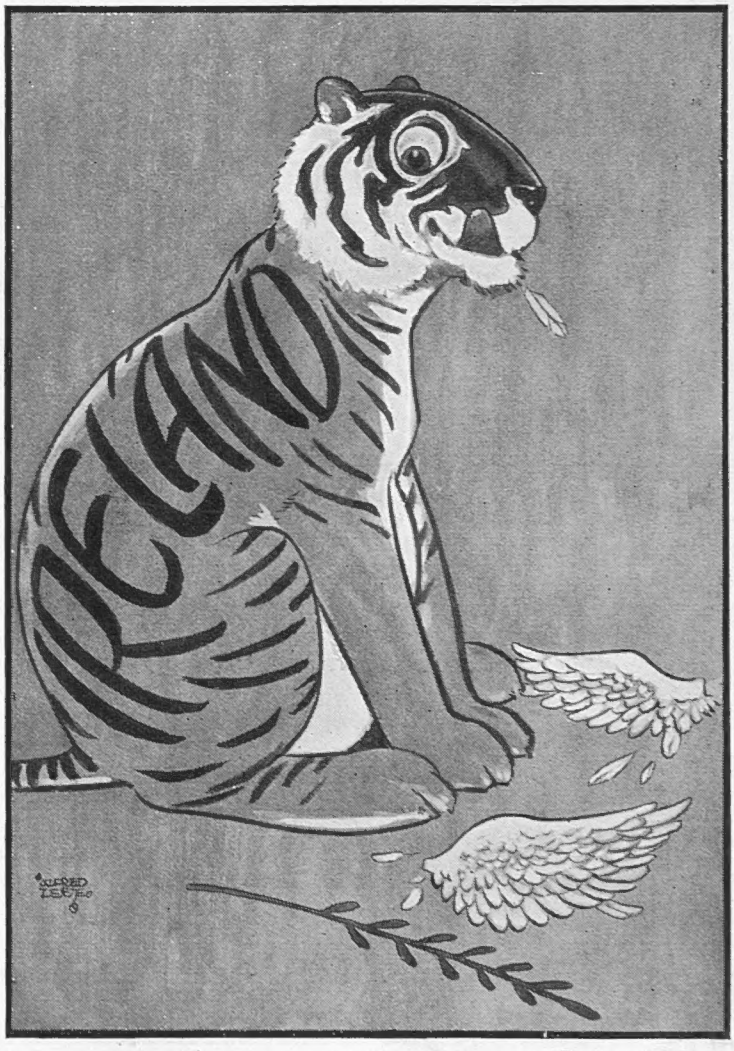
A SHIPMENT of solid glass discs, some five or six inches in diameter, having arrived from England at the American port of discharge, the Customs House, after examination, advised the consignee that the shipment could not be released until certain pieces of paper used in packing the discs had been removed. It is the custom, it seems, when packing these discs to put scraps of paper between them to prevent scratching. Any sort of waste paper that may be handy is used for the purpose. Now, in putting up this particular lot of discs the packers had used, with other paper, a number of old whisky labels. The American law prohibits anything coming into the United States bearing labels indicating intoxicating liquors. So, despite the obvious fact that these solid discs neither did nor could contain liquor of any kind, the consignee had to send workmen to the ship to go through the entire shipment and examine the thousands of scraps of paper between these innocent discs, lest one incriminating label should profane the American soil! Thus does Prohibition strain at the label—and swallow the whisky!

A Meteorological Observation

NEVER, surely, have we had such a prolonged and beautiful spring, summer, and autumn, all at the same time and each at its best. I forget exactly how long ago it is that THE BYSTANDER gave an early welcome to the early spring, who was so encouraged thereby that she is still here—the trees are budding in Kensington Gardens, and I heard of a pair of pigeons setting up housekeeping in the Temple last week. The same gentlemen who were sweeping autumn leaves in my road last June are still sweeping them, and nuts and berries are a-plenty. Yet, to the moment of writing, the summer sun has shone each day and straw hats are working overtime. If winter can only introduce herself harmoniously and carry on without frightening the other three away it will, indeed, be an *annus mirabilis*. But we must not ask for too much.

A Willin' Barkis

HEROES of fiction, one is forced to conclude, are as frequently without honour in their own country as are heroes of real life. To me David



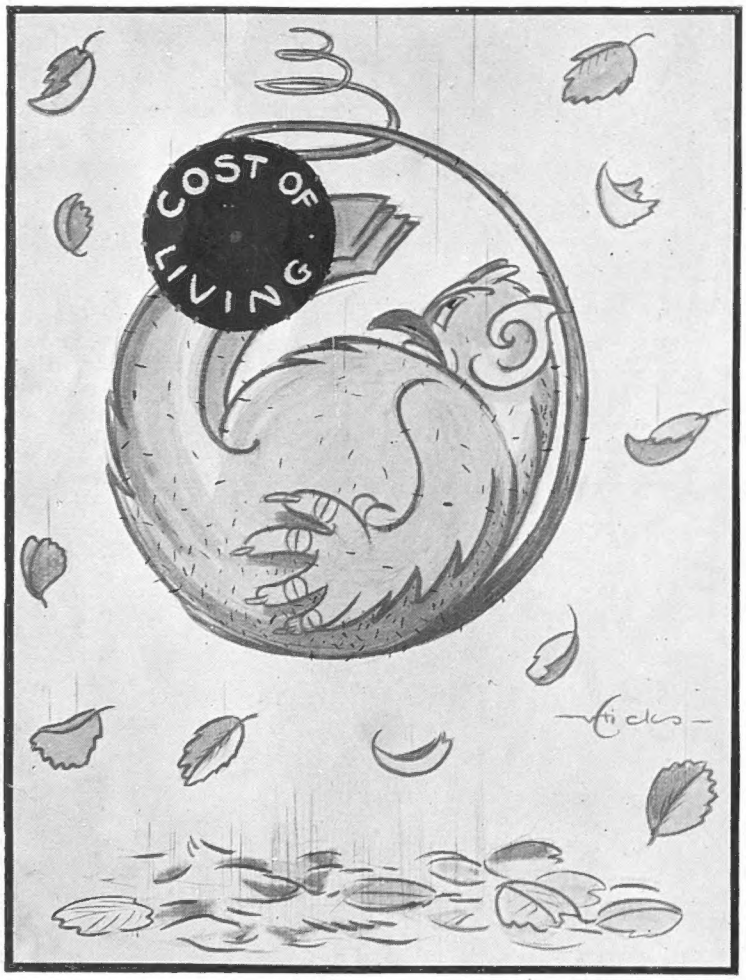
PEACE *IN* IRELAND By ALFRED LEETE

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

Copperfield is a far more real person than many, if not most, of the heroes of history. Recently I found myself in his birthplace, and on opening up the subject with the landlady of the old inn there I was somewhat shocked to find that she had neither knowledge of, nor interest in, David. Of late, she told me, many people had spoken to her of "this Dickens," but she, dear soul, knew nothing of him. But when I asked a gentleman whose cart was outside if he would join me in a little refreshment he replied at once with "Barkis is willin'." And his name *was* Barkis, and for thirty-five years he had plied as a carrier between Yarmouth and Lowestoft. He knew all about David, and had christened his "hut" at Yarmouth "Trotwood." The good landlady put me in mind of a worthy citizen of Bergerac with whom I foregathered in that town about the time when Cyrano had been for some time, or I thought had been, in all our minds. I asked my chance companion what he thought of his famous fellow-townsman, and received a blank stare in reply. Presently light dawned on him, and he laughed heartily, assuring me that Cyrano was nothing but a *blague*. Still, he had heard of him.

Bolshevism on the Benches

I REALLY think that the House of Commons should be fined *en bloc* some part of their Parliamentary salary for their scandalous neglect of our interests towards the end of last session. It is all very well for them to say, as I suppose they will, that they *intended* to restore to London all that is now meant by "the theatre supper." They ought to have done more than make it "possible"—they should have made it "impossible" for anyone to deprive London of a privilege almost universally allowed to be just and proper. As it is, the licensing justices can, if they like, practically nullify the Act in this particular. Not all licensing magistrates are as fair-minded as the chairman of the Holborn Bench, who recognises the intention of the Act, and there are already signs that Pussyfoot is beginning to show his claws. Why should magistrates postpone for a month, for example, the application of a club whose nightly supper has been for years famous all over the world? I speak without prejudice, for I am not a member of the club, though I have often enjoyed its hospitality. Certain well-known hotels, also, have a genuine grievance in being forced to wait. Their *bona fide*, as in the case of the club to which I have referred, is beyond question.



AUTUMN LEAVES By VICTOR HICKS

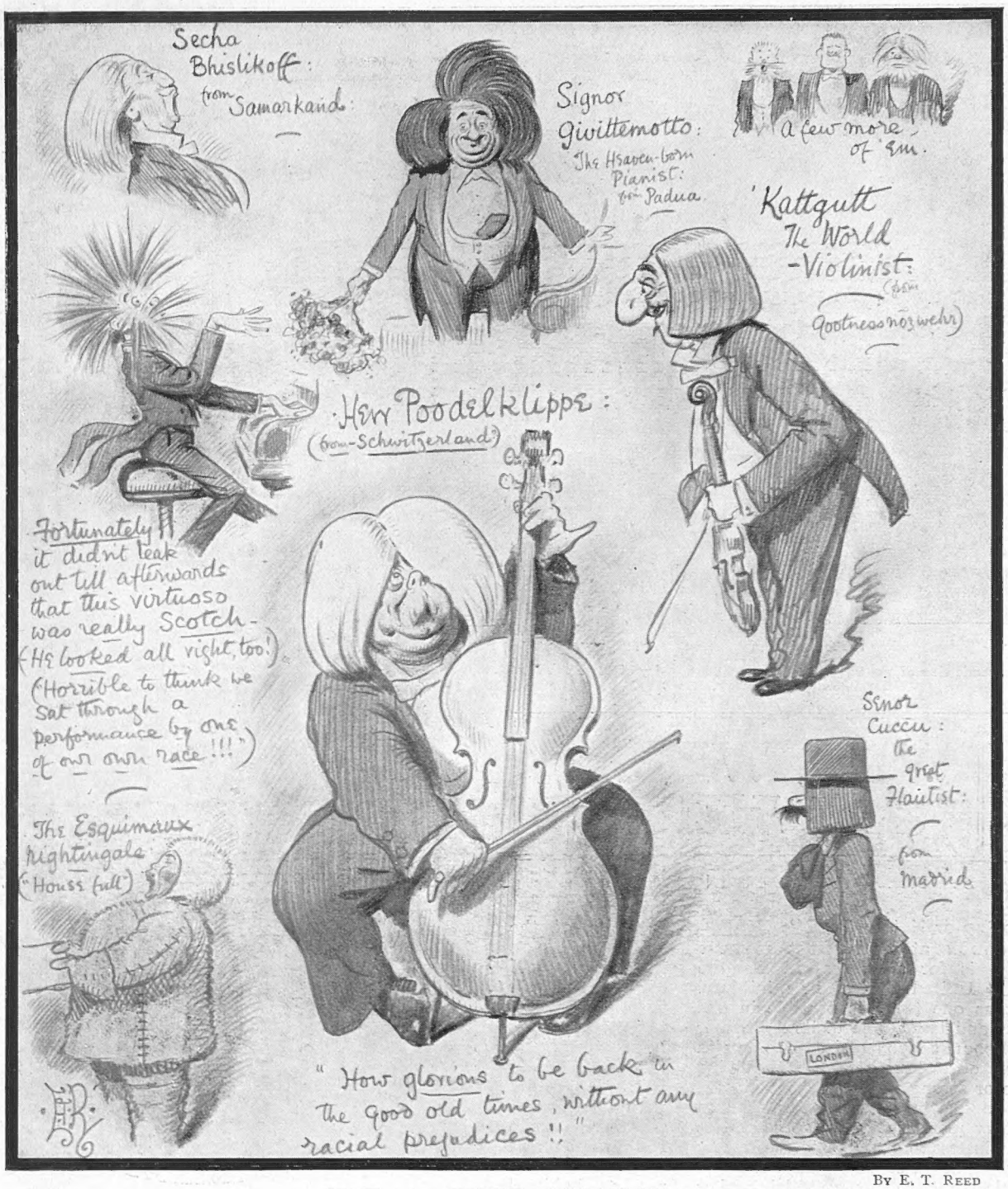
"Oh! that they would fall together!"

Too Much Kid?

THAT "youth will be served" may be a platitude and a truism and all sorts of terrible things by this time, but it is really interesting to watch the "serving" going on. Novels written by novelists under ten make fortunes, public school verses are collected, published, and seriously—and deservedly—reviewed in leading newspapers, lawn tennis players and golfers not yet in their 'teens compete for championships on famous courts and courses—but latest, and, perhaps, most wonderful portent of all is the Kid in occupation of Covent Garden, not to mention his flying visit to Scotland to minister to the needs of an overworked Premier! Thus are Tetrazzini and Æsculapius made as nothing—by a kid!

Where French are English

WE have heard much this year of the "second season" of the French seaside resorts, consequent, without doubt, on the unprecedented weather we have been blessed with these summer months, but by now, surely, the hotels must have lowered their shutters. A Frenchwoman, braving the early fall at Le Touquet, told me on a recent visit there: "Le Touquet is no longer French, you have invaded it with your *sport anglais*, with your habits, even your language; it has become absolutely anglicised. So much so that Parisians perforce learn English before coming here." Travelling in France but a few months past I was struck by the "strained feeling" that exists in certain towns towards the English. Evidently, however, the spirit of *entente cordiale* prevails at Le Touquet still.



By E. T. Reed

VAT A *SVEET* GOUNDRY!

These people fill our British concert-halls to overflowing, while, we presume, our own home-born artists are waiting in a "queue" somewhere for the dole that doesn't come

The Savoy Touch

As a preliminary to the opening of *The Gondoliers* at the Princes on Monday, I lunched with Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte and his Savoyards on Thursday at the Savoy, which was built out of the fortune created by their predecessors. But they were predecessors only in point of time, for the Savoy tradition remains unbroken, being handed down from generation to generation of players almost like a ritual, any infringement of which would be furiously (and rightly) resented by the general public, which knows how every word should be sung and every note phrased. The present company is linked up with the original by the stage manager, Mr. Gordon, who has been a Savoyard since 1883, and on the actual stage by Mr. Henry Lytton who has been twenty-seven years with the company. A happier family, fathered by Mr. Rupert D'Oyly Carte, the sole remaining representative of the famous original trinity—Gilbert, Sullivan and Carte—you could not meet. Mr. Carte is clearly proud of his rôle as head of the Carte caste.

Our Hunting Supplement

Included as a suppiement in this number is a Complete List of Foxhounds in the British Isles, with full details as to Packs and their Masters, Hunting Days, etc., etc.

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE PERTH MEETING

A panoramic view of the Members' Stand on the first day of the Perth Hunt Races, which took place last week

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

"To Sup or Not to Sup?"

LONDON at the present moment is for all the world like the United States in miniature. Just as one thing is possible in one State and impossible in its next door neighbour, so you can sup to-day in hotels or restaurants—with bubbling wine or strong waters in your glass—in one quarter of the town, and in another quarter you must go supperless and wineless to bed. It all is supremely silly and absurdly unjust. If people want to eat and drink after the play, why should they not be allowed to do so? We are no longer at war, and our boasted "freedom" counts for very little if we are to be treated like little children who never know when they have eaten enough chocolates.

The Savoy and Ciro's took instant opportunity of the permission given by the wiser licensing justices for their locality, and both gave the merriest of times to inaugurate the return to the methods of pre-War days. The Savoy went so far as to have three bands! Other restaurants will follow as grace and common sense fall upon the justices, and there seems every possibility of our soon returning to a normal London. It is about time.

The Aunt Matildas of this world have already had too long an innings. In spite of the golden chance they have had of putting their theories into practice the result has been rather disastrous. Police regulations are all very well, but people who go to restaurants and clubs are very rarely habitual drunkards, and all these no-supper regulations were framed against drunkenness, so why go on enforcing them against harmless gaiety and amusement?

Photograph *Central News*

NEAR BLENHEIM PALACE

The Marquess and Marchioness of Blandford photographed while shooting over the Duke of Marlborough's estate recently. The Marquess of Blandford is the Duke's eldest son. He married the Hon. Mary Cadogan last year

A Mystery Solved.

THE recent sale of three tapestries in London has brought to light a mystery of a hundred and twenty years ago. In the reign of Charles I a great gentleman of his Court ordered nine tapestries to be made for his house in Norfolk. The tapestries were made, delivered, and hung up in the places designed for them, and there they remained for close upon a century and a half.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century the contents of this house had to be sold owing to some question as to the succession. When the catalogue came to be made three of the tapestries were missing. They had disappeared in the interregnum between the death of the last owner and the decision to sell the contents of the house. The widest enquiry possible at that time produced no trace of them. The six remaining tapestries were bought by the man who eventually succeeded to the house, and they are still hanging where they have hung since somewhere in the middle of the seventeenth century.

Photograph *Sport and General*

SIR MALCOLM MACGREGOR

With Mr. and Mrs. Alastair Macgregor at the Perth races. The Perth meeting, which finished last week, was the last great social event of the Scottish season

Three tapestries from a remote Scottish castle have been offered for sale and bought in London in these last few days. They have been proved beyond doubt to be the three missing from the set of nine in the Norfolk house a hundred and twenty years ago.

There is documentary proof that these three tapestries have been in the Scottish castle since early in the nineteenth century. The supposition is that the then owner of the Scottish castle, who spent large sums on the adornment and embellishment of his remote northern home, was unwittingly the buyer of stolen goods. But who the thief was will always be a mystery. It may have been a servant or the man disappointed in the succession to the Norfolk house. In either case the three tapestries were doubtless brought to London, where they were seen and purchased by the Scottish laird and sent off to the North.

Now their journey back to London and their offer for sale has elucidated a mystery of over a hundred and twenty years. It sounds like a novel, but it is quite true.

Photograph *Central News*

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

Who recently gave a large shooting party at Blenheim Palace, waiting "for the birds to come over"

Where to Economise

Now that everybody is so hard-up and there are no signs of the income-tax or the prices of postage stamps coming down it seems to me that Central Europe is the ideal place for us all to live in.

A friend of mine who has just returned from Hungary tells me you can live at Buda-Pesth in a hotel which is the equivalent to our Ritz at something like nine shillings a day. In Cracow and Prague living costs very little more. Certainly you have to pay hundreds, and even thousands, of kronen, and in your early days over there the first sight of your bills gives you a vertigo, but with the exchange ranging from 1,500 to 2,000 kronen for the pound sterling you speedily learn—and in the happiest manner—that you are exactly in the same position as Mark Twain when he was

Photograph *Sport and General*

EARL CAWDOR

With Lady Janet Campbell at the Perth Meeting. They were among the visitors staying at Scone Palace, where Lady Mansfield has been entertaining for Lord Scone, who recently came of age

Photograph *Sport and General*

MEET OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE BEAGLES

At Ramerwick Manor, near Hitchin, Herts. The Master (in centre), Flying-Officer H. C. Pyper, has only one arm

presented with a bill for a dinner-party in China—the more the noughts on the bill the less you have to pay.

An Imperial Highness as Market Gardener

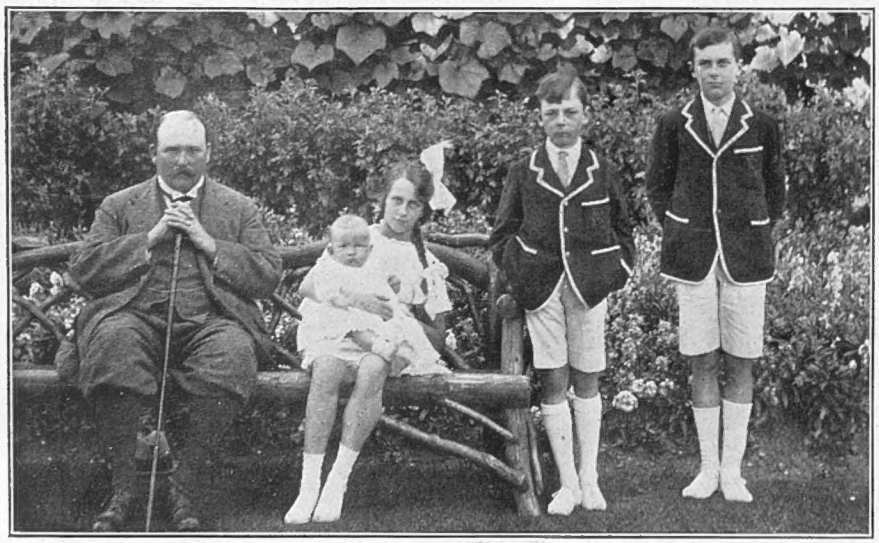
But things are not so rosy for the inhabitants, and many of the oldest Hungarian and Polish families are reduced to the direst poverty, although their incomes are little less than in pre-War times. The majority have been forced to retire to their country houses, where they can, for the most part, live on the produce of their lands. The members of the old Imperial family are hardest hit of all. Practically everything has been taken away from them.

One former Imperial lady, very close to the Hapsburg throne, instead of sitting down and wringing her hands, has risen to the new and strange circumstances. All her lands on one side of a river have been confiscated, but a law that runs on the other side of that river has left her in possession of a small property. Upon this she has started a market garden, which she manages entirely. And, what is more, she is making it pay.

Photographs *Lafayette, Ltd.*

A FORTHCOMING MARRIAGE

Miss Olga Marie Grumler, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Grumler, "Woodgarth," Kent Avenue, Harrogate, whose marriage to the Rt. Hon. Robert Munro, K.C., LL.D., M.P., H.M. Secretary for Scotland, will take place at the end of this month



Photograph *A. E. Bloomer*

SIR JOHN LEIGH, BART.

The well-known philanthropist and Parliamentary candidate for Clapham, with his four children at their home, Lilleshall, Shropshire

Desire for a Monarchy

En passant, my friend tells me that the Hungarians are royalist to the core. They hate being Republican and long for a monarchy. This is the secret of the ex-Emperor Karl's recent attempt to return. The Hungarians have no especial love for the Hapsburgs, but the ex-Emperor was also King of Hungary, and the majority of the people have a veneration for a monarch whom they believe to be in descent from Saint Stephen. On the other hand, there is a large party in Hungary which ardently desires an English prince for their king, a suggestion that is never likely to come into effect. In the past other nations have sought English princes for their sovereigns, but the answer has always been in the negative.

"Hope Told a Flattering Tale"

Speaking of our Princes, a little bird tells me that hopes of the loftiest matrimonial alliance with this

Photographs] A PICTURESQUE WEDDING [*Central News*

Captain Herbert Pease, D.S.O., and his bride, the Hon. Cynthia Chaloner (left) after their marriage at Guisborough Parish Church, Yorkshire. Above is a charming group of the bridesmaids and pages. From left to right (back row): the Hon. Ursula Chaloner, Miss Wharton, Miss Margaret Drake, Hon. Eileen Plunkett, Miss Margaret Stilwell and the Hon. Betty Chaloner. Front row (left to right): Miss Helen Medlicott, Master Ingram Pease, Miss Rachel Pease, Master Rob Long and Miss Diana Chaloner

country which were so fondly cherished in a foreign Court have by no means been abandoned. One daughter is admitted to have found no favour, but aspirations are now centred round a younger daughter. It is a question of "Hope told a flattering tale," for the marriage would not be smiled upon by our Court, by the country, or by the young man who would have most to say in the matter. Match-making burns as strongly in the bosoms of Queens as in those of impoverished mothers of beautiful daughters.

"The Little Season"

PEOPLE are coming back in increasing numbers every week, and soon we shall be in the thick of the "little season"—really a phrase of *autrefois*, because in these years there is nearly as much adoing in the autumn in London as there is in the summer, except that nothing is "official," and people rarely, if ever, wear their tiaras or their best jewels between one July and the next. The "little season" is not quite so cosy and so muffiny and crumpety as it used to be, but still it is very pleasant, and you need not rush about from the Dan of a luncheon to the Beersheba of a tea-fight unless you really like that sort of thing.

AN INTERESTING MARRIAGE

Miss Ida Robinson and Colonel Signor N. Labia, of the Italian Diplomatic Service, whose marriage took place quite recently. The bride is the younger daughter of one of South Africa's multi-millionaires, Sir Joseph Robinson, Bart. Her husband is at present Italian Consul-General for British South Africa

Photograph] AFTER THE CEREMONY [*C. Vandyk, Ltd.*

Captain V. A. Haskett Smith and his bride, Miss Christobel Nicholson, whose marriage took place at St. Joseph's, Roehampton. Miss Nicholson comes from a famous military family, her ancestors including General Sir John Eliot (Lord Heathfield), who defended Gibraltar in the last siege. During the War she drove a motor-ambulance in Belgium and France and has five war medals

"The Game"

SNAPSHOTS FROM GLENEAGLES AND LE TOUQUET

LADY ANGELA FORBES

On the famous links at the French resort, which has enjoyed unusual popularity this year

THE HON. MICHAEL SCOTT

Who won the Prix du Golf Hotel du Touquet last week. Many first-class golfers, including six M.P.'s, went across to compete in the tournament

A GLENEAGLES GLIMPSE

The Countess of Ancaster playing on the well-known Perthshire course, which, during the Scottish season, has been even more crowded than normally with "Plus Twos," etc. Many mere ordinary folk "were also present"

Photographs

THE MORNING ROUND

Lord Rosslyn, smoking, with Mr. Ralph Lambton, outside the clubhouse at Le Touquet, where, if you do not golf, you gamble, or, eschewing both, play tennis and bathe

Sport and General

STILL MORE GOLFERS

M. le Comte de Bremond d'Ars, seated on the left, Princess Lucinge de Francigny and Mr. Ronalds, who have been staying at Le Touquet during the recent golf tournament held there

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "Blanchette"

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE

"Live as we spend"

LONDON, *October* 3

DEAR COUSIN—

YET another turn-o'-the-year we've just arrived at, haven't we? Summer's officially over, and even Summer Time's ended, and we've already had, and even positively enjoyed, the first of our real autumn mists. When, instead of a stark, staring sun-bathed dawn, the day awakes to a soft, clinging, enveloping, floating cloud of white, that has a shiver in it and yet a bracing touch, a rich indescribable smell of earth and leaves and dew that's wafted in through our wide open windows, and reminds us of——what?

NOTHING melancholy, anyway, I hope. Never could agree myself, you know, with some of the poets and people who will insist and persist and rub it into us that autumn's a sad season of the year. Keep talking about decay—don't they?—and how the falling leaves flutter gloomily to the ground and the skies grow paler and the air colder and colder, these "chill October" days—

> When Nature, glowing with a fireless flame,
> Lights spendthrift summer to a pauper's grave.

Or, as another (and, p'raps, slightly less serious) poet puts it—

> When chill winds whisper through the trembling trees,
> And Nature's brilliance masks the approaching . . .
> sneeze.

A LOVELY time, as a matter of fact—one of the loveliest, if not *the* loveliest, of all the year. A time of rest and thought and lingering memories. Memories of the summer just past (and even this most bumper of summers had to end some time, I suppose), and thoughts of the good times (let's hope) to come, and rest (just for a moment or two) before we plunge properly once more into the boiling waves of work and pleasure and all the things that make up life here in England now—or anywhere else at any time, for that matter.

AND a time of happiness, too. Such a lot of nice things have a way of happening in October. Summer may be over, but autumn has joys all its very own. Even to walk or ride in the Park these half-summery, half-wintery mornings is a brisk adventure much tastier and full of flavour than the languid loungings-about of midsummer, when all you really wanted (though duty duly sustained you to the last) was just to find a nice bit of shade somewhere, anywhere, and sink down there into a state of coma and blessed repose while the busy throng buzzed by.

ALSO to shop—if you *are* in town and not still lingering on the Lido or scrambling for an early passage to India before the Prince starts out—that, too, holds a special fascination now it's no longer a purgatory to sit about in stuffy showrooms. And the new models are in, and at Harrods and places there are intriguing *mannequin* parades and things to brighten existence and seductively lure us on to spend even more than in our very wildest moments we had ever dreamt of. Not to mention the lovely wax ladies, complete with frocks, at the new Galeries Lafayette in Regent Street.

AND talking of clothes, the great Paul Poiret's over here once more and brightening things up, of course, in the World of Dress—though I don't suppose *this* time he'll be giving any shows of the very latest frocks at No. 10, Downing Street—what? Wouldn't altogether seem to *belong*, would they, under the Lloyd-Georgian *régime*? But even more subtle and intriguing, really, I think, the new way

"Falling leaves flutter gloomily to the ground"

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

this arbiter of Paris fashions is doing his bit to lead us along the right path here in London now.

SORT of Judgment of Paris business, you know. You go to one of the supper dances that started at the Trocadero last week in your very newest frock, and just as you're leaving after the show's over a nice manager man comes up and furtively presses into your hand an envelope with a twenty-five guinea prize in it—for being the best dressed woman in the room. If M. Poiret so decides, that is, and, of course. . . . Am thinking of going myself one night this week—what shall I wear? My new Poiret frock?

"Thinking of going myself one night this week"

ALL the restaurants and places, by the way, have been simply falling over themselves, of course, to push off in a really thoroughly complete and joyous manner under our new and revised rules of (evening) life, and to celebrate the downfall of Pussyfoot with wine and song . . . and dancing. The Savoy, f'rinstance, has done itself very proud with a complete new colour-scheme in its underground ballroom with the lovely springy floor—Spanish tortoiseshell walls and a green ceiling and a deep blue sort of sea-and-sky scene as a background for the band. . . I should say bands.

'COS there are three of 'em all told, and there'll be no rest for the wick—— I mean the well dined (*and* supped) at the Savoy these nights, not unless they're the sternest dance haters that ever were. No long lingering over tender reminiscences of their *délice de sole Florentine* or *perdreau rôti sur canapé* or *pêche à l'orientale*, however worthy of after-dinner contemplation (and digestion) over a third and fourth cigarette. "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined," as one of the dear old poets wrote once, in the funny old way they used to write in those days. And a very excellent motter, too, and very good for us all, what?

"The well-dined (*and* supped) at the Savoy"

CAN'T think, you know, what we can ever have done with ourselves in those ancient, remote, and incredible days when—except at very special parties—there was no dancing after (not to mention during) dinner and supper and things. Not that meals aren't lovely things, too, in their own way—

> Beautiful meals!
> How nice it is to eat!
> All creatures love it so,
> That they who first did spread
> Ere breaking bread,
> A cloth like level snow,
> Were right, I know. . . .

as another (quite modern) poet puts it. But how *stuffy* to go on sitting over them with nothing to look forward to. . . . Do believe the dance habit has, anyway, saved us from thinking (*and* consuming) *too* much of our food—not to mention the extra liqueurs and smokes and things that nowadays there's rather fortunately never time for!

BEING fearfully and awfully material and *mondaine* and all that sort of thing this week, aren't I? But somehow don't seem able to help it just this moment, what with all the sort of atmosphere there is around of the hustle and bustle of a just reopening season. Court back in Town this week, Law Courts starting to sit again, even Parliament due to meet soon, and dinners, dances, and other shows beginning to fill one's diary up to the brim once more. Three first nights this week, and yet another Victory Ball, and more of the same sort in the offing. . . .

AND meanwhile—"Rigorous economy is demanded," says Mr. Churchill. "The state of unemployment grows in gravity," remarks another authority. The Moplahs are still at it, Albania is mobilising, the Huns are collecting an 800,000 army and collaring our trade, and . . . But never mind. "Sometimes when things seem worse they are really much better," says Mr. Lloyd George. "And things *are* much better." So why worry? With love, Yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

The Amazing Sex!

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

HOW DO THEY DO IT?

BY MACMICHAEL

IMPRESSIONS OF "SALLY" AT THE WINTER GARDEN

By
"JINGLE"
Illustrated by
MACMICHAEL

THIS most exhilarating entertainment goes with a swing right from the start. As the curtain rises a bevy of lively girls romp on with toy balloons, and kick their way into our hearts with a charming thoroughness. The dancing in the production is indeed its outstanding feature. Mr. George Grossmith is himself the leading spirit of the brilliant revelry, and, as the embodiment of eternal youth, he keeps the ball of fun rolling steadily throughout the evening. His energy and agility are remarkable. He runs and skips and dances about here and there and seems to be watching to see that the entertainment is at its highest pitch all the time. Mr. Grossmith plays his usual part of the young man who during the years has been successively known as a La-di-dah, a masher, and a dude. I think the present term is knut, but that is an opinion I advance under correction. Since I became respectable I have ceased to be an authority on the irresponsible slang of the Town. But whatever Mr. Grossmith may call himself he still appears to be delightfully young and overwhelmingly jolly.

EVERYBODY knows Sally. She is the young lady of the Alley about whom the late Mr. Sims Reeves used to warble so successfully. Indeed, variations of the popular tune are readily discernible in the music of the piece here and there. The curtain rises on the Alley Inn, New York, Sally having become Americanised for the purposes of this piece. I don't know what use they can have for an Inn in New York, because the Methodists assure us that America has gone dry. It is true that returned travellers from that great country advance a different opinion, but then we all know what travellers' tales are! At this time Sally is a mere Foundling who is brought from some charitable institution with a number of other girls who aspire to the post of dish-washer at the Inn. The girls trip lightly on the stage wearing hats that run to a nice depth in the brim so that their faces are hidden from us, and thus premature recognition of the leading lady is adroitly avoided. When Sally is finally detached from the crowd, and the limelight settles on her beauteous brow, we recognise her as the sprightly and charming Dorothy Dickson, and she is greeted with acclamation accordingly. Miss Dickson is a delightful young lady whose graceful dancing and high spirits second very effectively Mr. Grossmith's efforts to keep the show at a champagne-like effervescence all the time

AT the Inn there is a waiter, and the waiter is Mr Leslie Henson. That is apparently all that most people want to know

before rushing to book seats. I have been to theatres lately where the audiences were lamentably attenuated; and it was therefore quite refreshing to see the Winter Garden Theatre filled to the limit of its seating capacity. But Mr. George Grossmith is so very experienced in the knowledge of what the public wants in a musical play that it is not surprising to find that he is able to hit the mark with deadly precision every time. Mr. Henson appears, at first, as no more than a humble waiter; but he is really a Grand Duke down on his luck. In America there are, of course, no titles, except perhaps that of Colonel — and even for that the letters patent are not always forthcoming — so that when a Hereditary Grand Duke is set to work waiting and dish-washing it is felt that proper tribute has been paid to the republican spirit and to the eternal fitness of things.

A WAITER has to carry plates and dishes around, and a comic waiter must, of course, be always dropping them. Mr. Henson does not neglect his opportunities in this respect. Indeed, on two occasions on which he is required to point out to a noisy organ-grinder outside the advantages of the next street, he accomplishes his purpose by the simple method of picking up a dinner plate and shying it at the fellow's head. The noise of the breaking of the plate is greeted with a cheering shriek of laughter. Some day one of the pundits of the British Association will have to tell us why it is that the spectacle of a man breaking a plate on the stage should excite our risibility so much. In the good old days, when we had more money than it seems we ought to have had and could, therefore, be rather wasteful, a sure way of securing a roar of whole-hearted laughter was for a comedian to walk on the stage wrestling awkwardly with a huge pile of plates, and then dropping the lot with a crash. Respectable fathers of families, who would not dare to regard such a tragedy as a theme for mirth in their own homes, would laugh themselves blue in the face when they encountered it on the stage. And, speaking for myself, I was always one of the worst.

BUT Mr. Henson has at his disposal many other manifestations of humour than the mere breaking of plates. One of his funniest turns is that in which he snatches liqueur bottles from a moving tray and pretends to be an artistic bell-ringer. The baffling precision with which the orchestra accompanies his energetic display is an outstanding feature of an extremely amusing and very clever piece of nonsense. In the second act, which takes place in a highly decorative garden that is a fine specimen of scenic art, the Grand Duke is himself again for one night only, and here Mr. Henson is at his best. It is here that he meets Sally, translated from her job of dish-washer to an engagement as a leading dancer. It is not explained how a Foundling learned to dance so well in such a short time; but then a lot has to be taken for granted in a light and airy production of this kind. Analysing such a thing would be like pulling a gorgeous butterfly to pieces to see what made its wings flap. It is enough that Sally dances and sings most attractively. She has a duet about the whippoorwill with Mr. Grossmith, and the turn is a model of daintiness and charm.

THERE is plenty of room for Mr. Henson to work his own welcome humour into the dialogue, and it may be that he has done something of the kind already. He may, for instance, have found a modern substitute for the little joke made by the Grand Duke in conversation with a lady who said she stayed in the neighbourhood frequently. He asked her if her stays were long. It is generally believed that this joke originated with Marc Antony who tried it on Cleopatra to see if she would encourage him to follow it up.

AT another point in the dialogue, Sally is nursing a pet dog apparently in order to afford her an excuse for giving us a variant of Ouida's famous saying: "The more I know of men, the more I respect dogs." There would seem, therefore, a number of vacancies for original wit and humour in the dialogue, though it is fair to say that, as it is, the audience is kept on the genial titter most of the time. But after all, a production of this kind must be judged as a whole and not by its parts, and taking it altogether *Sally* is a sparkling entertainment of rare originality and beauty which should add to the gaiety of nations for many moons to come.

JINGLE

Photograph *Bassano, Ltd.*

MISS SYLVIA LESLIE

A recent portrait of Miss Sylvia Leslie, a pretty and talented young actress, who will play a prominent part in "The Golden Moth," the new play which will be staged at the Adelphi Theatre this week. Miss Leslie is the daughter of "Spy," Sir Leslie Ward, the famous cartoonist

"No Manner of Work"

The Impossibility of Labouring on the Sabbath

BY S. P. B. MAIS

JUST as certain Christian names call up different associations in the minds of different people (what, for instance, does Caroline, Chloe, Iris, or Charles connote to you?), and just as certain scents revive memories that are pleasant to one and tragic to another, so do we all think of something peculiar to ourselves when we hear any day of the week mentioned.

Most people rather dislike Monday; to me it is a good day; I have no lecture to deliver at night; I can afford to dine at my ease and indulge in a game of billiards or bridge afterwards. Tuesday I associate with beagling; Wednesday with writing; Thursday scarcely exists as a day at all. I am hard at work from breakfast till bedtime. On Friday, I travel, and on Saturday I manage occasionally to get time for a game of football or cricket. But the day that stands apart from the rest is Sunday.

Every Saturday night I arrange my desk and go through my papers, making a list of all the things I have to finish the next day. When Sunday morning comes I am called an hour earlier than any other day of the week. After a hurried breakfast I give myself an hour to look through half-a-dozen Sunday newspapers—during the week I get no chance to do more than open the newspaper at the middle page, but on Sunday my brain is ready to accept any reason to explain Aston Villa's defeat, or the number of divorce cases.

Baked Meats

I THEN turn to weightier matters, and having been shown how to reconstruct the universe by Blatchford, Inge, Bottomley, and others, I take up my own pen, and tear up any bills that may have come in during the week. At this period I usually have callers, but as they see me immersed in a sea of papers, they usually borrow a book (which they will forget to return), and go away.

I then go through my letters with the idea of answering them—I write letters on Sundays only—having decided that thirty of them can wait, as they have waited for several weeks already, I choose the least important of them, and explain at very great length why I have no time to write. I then begin to collect material for an article or a lecture, and the door opens and I am requested to clear the table, as it is lunch-time.

Sunday lunch is a function. After this heavy meal is over I begin to think of work, when I am told that the dog needs exercise, that I am an "unsociable devil," that I must "come out at once," and I find myself walking slowly along a tarred pavement, hating my fellow-man. Why do the citizens of suburbs and country towns dress and talk as if they were serving on a jury every Sabbath day? These sticks, these bowler hats, these sombre clothes, these solemn faces, they make me despair of ever recovering my sense of gaiety, of warmth, of colour, and an irresponsible joy again.

Sullen and Dispirited

SUNDAY afternoon out of doors always makes me want to cry. There are always crowds of children with prizes and prayer-books, coming out of or going into Sunday school; there are always groups of idlers, discordant in their clash of colour, raucous and rude of voice, leering at girls whose lack of charm is not so pronounced on Monday or Thursday, but has time on Sunday to penetrate through to your inmost senses, and make you shudder.

Sullen and dispirited you return home; only the dog is uninfluenced by the day. Once more you put out your books on the table. The bell rings. The hall is a succession of pattering footsteps.

You are called into the drawing-room for tea, and people hope that they are not interrupting you. Brave men speak the truth. I am not brave. I sit on a music stool, and twirl round and round on it until some one plays or sings, or puts on the gramophone. Tea callers usually stay to dinner. At about ten-thirty I again put my books out on the table, and begin to collect data for my article.

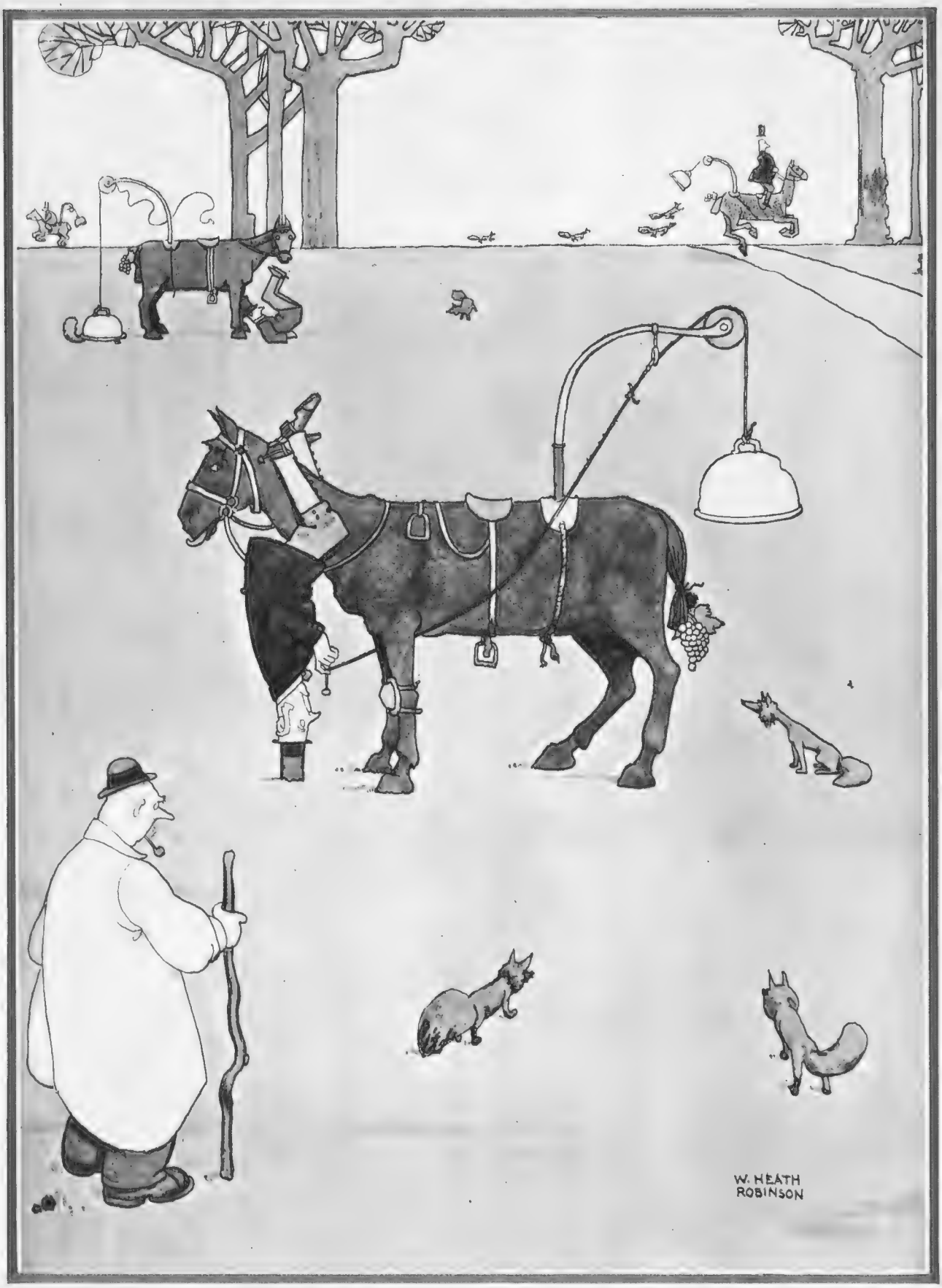
At ten-thirty-five a voice summons me to bed. I obey. A busy day, Sunday. On my desk lies a list of the things that I had to get through during the day. They will have to wait till next week.

Those to whom I owe letters, please accept this, the only intimation.

A HOT FAVOURITE By Lionel Edwards

FARMER: "So you've had the old horse fired. What's the idea?"
IRISH GROOM: "Faith, we're hopin' it'll make him go like smoke"

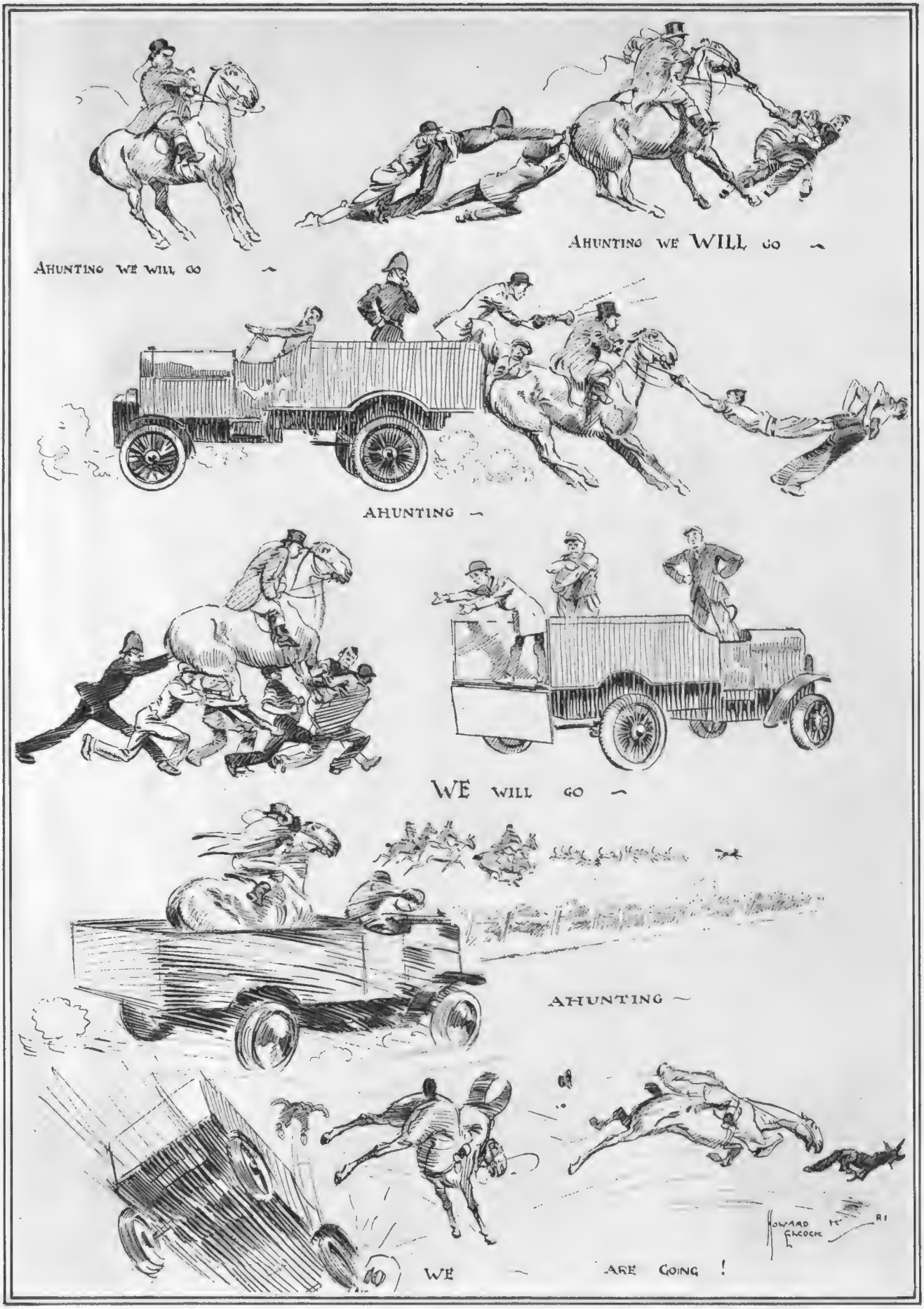
Sour Grapes!



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A new method of catching foxes to be introduced in the coming season

Left at the Post



BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

A TALE OF HORSE-POWER

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

ONE MAN'S MEAT

A HUNTING STORY

BY ARTHUR MILLS

CAPTAIN JAMES SLAPTON, late of His Majesty's Dragoons, walked thoughtfully down Leamington High Street, wondering how a gentleman whose income, consisting of half-pay and wound pension, amounted to some £30 a month, was to enjoy a season's fox-hunting. Force of habit led him to turn his steps into the yard of Mr. Joseph Pecker, horse-dealer.

"What have you got, Joe?" he asked, not that he had the money to buy anything.

Mr. Pecker, who was perfectly aware of his client's financial state, but also knew him as a bold, resolute rider, stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"I've got a 'oss that might suit you," he said at last; he turned to an ostler, "Bring out Jupiter, George."

After a few minutes delay the ostler led out a great raw-boned chestnut, with a bang tail and malevolent, restless eye.

"'E's a good 'un," said Mr. Pecker, "up to any amount o' weight, and jump a house."

"What's wrong with him?" enquired Captain Slapton.

Mr. Pecker looked pained. "There's nothing wrong with 'im, not so far as 'is 'ealth and limbs go; 'e's a bit moody, that's all."

"Moody!" echoed Captain Slapton.

"Yep," nodded Mr. Pecker; "if it weren't for that I'd have sold 'im for three hundred quid long ago. My trouble is"—Mr. Pecker lowered his voice confidentially—"there's too many around here recergnises 'im."

"Recognise him!" said Captain Slapton.

"Yes . . . ye see, I have hired 'im out a bit, and he has given one or two on 'em nasty falls."

"But you said he could jump anything."

"So 'e can—*when 'e likes*; it is his moods is the trouble. Now, Captain, I'm telling you the truth about that 'oss."

James Slapton, who in ten years experience of Mr. Pecker had never known him tell the truth about anything, wondered what was coming next.

"Wot I mean is this," continued Mr. Pecker, "that 'oss ull always throw a man wot he thinks minds being thrown. 'E's a lazy 'oss; all 'e wants is to get back and 'ave 'is gruel and a double feed of corn. And if 'e can make the man wot's riding him say after 'e's put 'im down at a couple of fences 'take that blinkin' horse home, I'll not ride him any more'—why, 'e's done wot 'e wanted to. But—wait a minute"—Mr. Pecker held up his hand—"if Jupiter 'as a man on 'is back that 'e knows *will go on fallin' with him* as often as 'e chooses to throw 'is great ugly body into a fence, why 'e'll *jump*. An' when 'e chooses that 'oss can go to the top o' any hunt an' stay there."

Captain Slapton began to see daylight.

"I am going down to the P.W.H. country next week," he said, "I'll take the horse down and give him a try if you like. What do you want for him if he suits?"

Mr. Pecker closed one eye. He was a dealer of the old school who knew how to do business with a gentleman without insulting his instincts. "Well, Captain, to you I'll say a 'undred quid, though, mind you, the 'oss is worth three times the money; and if you buys 'im I'll pay for boxing 'im and 'is keep while you've got 'im on trial."

Captain Slapton, thinking over the matter while he ate his cold mutton and bread and cheese, came to the conclusion that a couple of hundred pounds was worth a broken collar-bone. Accordingly he sent round word in the morning to Pecker to have Jupiter boxed on 7.15 to Yelcut, in the heart of the P.W.H. country, on Monday next.

. . . . .

A good many people know Mr. Pennyvale Wake's Hounds, otherwise the P.W.H. And, of course, all who know the hounds know Miss Pennyvale Wake, the master's daughter. She is about the neatest thing in the saddle, and the lightest and most graceful in a ballroom, to be found between Grantham and Weedon. The number of men who have wanted to marry her need not be catalogued. But Mr. Emanuel Bimbury, of Bimbury's noted hose, must be mentioned. He very much wanted to marry Miss Pennyvale Wake.

The Pennyvale Wake's had not much money, and what they had was more than eaten up in the form of the very best oatmeal porridge. For hounds had been kept by a Pennyvale Wake at Yelcut for five generations, and continued to be kept in spite of the fact that there wasn't a plank in their kennels unmortgaged. However, something had to go soon if they were to be kept in the family a further season, and most people thought that something would be old Pennyvale's daughter.

Miranda herself was prepared for the sacrifice. Everything pointed to her marrying Bimbury—everything, that is, except one; and that, to non-hunting folk, may seem a trivial objection: Bimbury wouldn't "go"; he was a gap scrabbler, a gate opener, a road-dog, everything that conspired to bring him into contempt with the daughter of the M.F.H.

"I simply couldn't marry a man who never jumps a thing," Miranda confided to an intimate friend, who promptly repeated the remark to Bimbury.

After which began the transformation of Bimbury, which is, again, a thing that only hunting folk will appreciate. For it is a

(All rights strictly reserved)

(Continued on page 32)

GONE T0

COVER!

BY FLEMING WILLIAMS

"ONE MAN'S MEAT" (*concluded*)

well-known piece of hunting field phenomena that a man never rides so hard to hounds as when he is trying to win the heart of his lady love.

Well, Bimbury, realising that Miss Pennyvale would never marry him as long as he continued to saw his horse's head off every time he saw a fence, decided, if he wanted to win her, he would have to alter his hunting habits.

Accordingly, he began to look out for good horses; something, as he put it, "that can't fall."

Being an indifferent horseman he had a job to get what he wanted. Then, all of a sudden, on a fine November morning, Jupiter and Captain Slapton appeared out of the blue. What had transpired between the two in Joe Pecker's field the day before no one will ever know. Anyway, on the morning of the hunt Jupiter carried his ears forward, and had all the appearance of a willing, capable hunter.

"That's a nice looking horse you've got there," said Bimbury to Slapton at covert side.

Jupiter was, in point of fact, a very ugly horse. Captain Slapton patted the horse's neck. He knew he had caught Bimbury's eye. "Yes," he agreed, "and he's as good as he looks; he'd jump a house."

"Would he?" said Bimbury, with interest.

"Can't put him down," said Slapton—"gates, stiles, dykes, walls. Doesn't matter what you shove him at he'll have it. Must be in the same field as hounds, never happy unless he is."

Jupiter's ears were back, and he was manœuvring quietly to lash out at a hound, when a dig in the ribs and an "Eh, old boy!" made him collect himself.

A few minutes later hounds went away and Captain Slapton crammed Jupiter at a five-barred gate. Jupiter knew better than to try and go *through* that gate, especially with a man on his back whom he had learnt, during a painful hour in Joe Pecker's paddock, did not care how many times they came down together. Accordingly he went over the top of it, and over the top of everything else he was put at during a fast thirty-five minutes. He hated this tough Jehu on his back more than the fox hated the hounds, but it was no good trying any tricks.

Everyone noticed the stranger on the chestnut. The horse seemed to mind nothing. Bimbury, watching, thought if he had such a horse it would be easy work to lead the field, and win for ever the loving approval of Miranda's blue, critical eyes.

He sidled up to Captain Slapton at a check.

"If you ever think of getting rid of that horse, I wish you'd let me know."

Captain Slapton laughed genially. "Right," he said, "but I don't suppose I am ever likely to."

A fast fifteen minutes followed, in which Jupiter again distinguished himself.

"I'll have that horse at any price," thought Bimbury. He approached Captain Slapton once more.

"I'd give two hundred quid for a horse like that," he observed, putting a cigar between his lips.

Captain Slapton appeared not to hear. Mr. Bimbury repeated his remark. "Two 'undred quid," he said, dropping an H in his excitement.

Captain Slapton leant forward and pulled one of Jupiter's ears. "You cost me four hundred, didn't you, you old devil?" he said.

Mr. Bimbury believed in the old business maxim that if you want a thing badly it is cheapest in the long run to make an offer which the other finds too tempting to refuse.

"I'll give you five hundred guineas for that horse," he said.

"Done," said Captain Slapton, as quick as a mouse-trap shuts.

. . . . .

"Shade of the spavined mules that were your ancestors," he said later to Jupiter, as the horse stood rugged-up waiting to go over to Bimbury the next day, "who'd have thought of getting five hundred quid for you?"

Then Captain Slapton hurried up to town to cash the cheque before Mr. Bimbury had his first hunt.

Five days later a letter reached Leamington Spa, saying that Mr. Bimbury would be very much obliged if Captain Slapton would go over and see him. It took more than a pinprick to get through Captain Slapton's skin, so far as insulting him over a horse-dealing transaction was concerned, and he felt no qualms on his way to Bimbury's house.

Mr. Bimbury received him in bed. He wore a bandage round his head, and his arm in a sling.

"That horse can't jump a thing," he said weakly.

"*Can't jump!*" echoed Captain Slapton, astonished.

"The first day I had him out," Mr. Bimbury continued, "I . . . I p'put him at a fence three foot high—and he fell into it, and then I put him at another, and he f-fell on top of me. And . . . and I thought he must be ill, and sent him home."

Captain Slapton repressed a smile.

"And . . . and then I had him out yesterday, and . . . and the first jump we came to was a little ditch, so big"—Bimbury extended his arms—"and he put both feet into it and I fell on my face. I . . . I want you to take him back."

"But you've bought him," Captain Slapton protested.

"I know I have; and . . . and the worst of it is everybody else knows I have. Miss Pennyvale Wake knows I have; she saw you riding him, and thinks he is a wonderful horse—*but he isn't*," said Mr. Bimbury, vindictively, "he's a pig."

"I am afraid I couldn't buy him back," said Captain Slapton, decisively.

"I don't want you to," explained Mr. Bimbury; "all I want is not to have to ride him again myself. If . . . if you won't tell anybody, I . . . I'll *give him to you*."

. . . . .

"Well," said Mr. Pecker, a day or two later, as he and Captain Slapton stood regarding Jupiter's cunning old head peeping at them over the top of his box, "so no one took a fancy to the 'oss?"

"No," replied Captain Slapton.

"And you don't fancy 'im yourself?"

"Can't say I do," said Captain Slapton, mindful of the falls he had had with Jupiter in the privacy of the paddock before getting him up to the scratch. "Tell you what, though, if you have got a couple of nice useful animals that *like* hunting I'll buy 'em off you at, say, two hundred and fifty guineas for the pair."

Whereat Mr. Pecker greatly wondered whence the Captain had suddenly acquired the cash.

ARTHUR MILLS

"The Blinkin' Brush"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Old Bill had a splendid day with the East Ham. They found at Aldgate and killed at Mile End

Mainly Sartorial

BY LIONEL EDWARDS

"The only difference I can see between the old and the new hunting people is that the crowd is now divided into those who wear old clothes correctly and others who wear new clothes all wrong" was the remark recently made by a well-known M.F.H.

The Bystander in Paris

Illustrated by Marcel Poncin.

PITY THE POOR LADY WITHOUT JEWELS

MES AMIS—

IT is not often that I beg to you of the money. But one comes to feel that in the case of the present are the exceptional kind of the circumstances which create the warrant. So, therefore, I to you extend the open palm. It is in the behalf of the lady who has left all of her pearls in a taxi-cab, so that now she has not any to wear. It is so *triste*, is it not, not to have any of the pearls to be able to wear? That is why one has thought that it is the very least which can be done—to organise a list of subscription so that all the kind friends of the ladies who require to wear the pearls may leap forward with the contributions. I have the pleasure to be able to warn you that there is not any danger that you may leap forward with too much.

THE pearls which have been left in the taxi-cab have had the value of nearly a million, so that the large subscriptions will be received with the similar gratitude to that which will be accorded to the small. In fact, more. For there will thus be a saving on the stamps for the acknowledgment. And although I am always delighted to correspond with *mes amis*, my pen will no doubt become fatigued after that I have acknowledged the scores of banknotes for the thousand sterling each, and one must naturally save the small ones to the last. I would, therefore, prefer the thousands to the hundreds.

THIS is not to suggest that it is myself who comes to organise this subscription. It is under the very respectable auspices. It has owed its origination to *Le Merle Blanc*, which is a journal of the intense susceptibility for the sufferers from the lost jewel habit. All that I have the painful duty to do is to collect the sheaves of the cheques which are expected to be sent by aeroplane from England, as soon as one has let it be known that I am ready to receive them. I shall take them in a van to *Le Merle Blanc* without to demand any *pourcentage* for my sympathetic services.

IT is a kindly thought, in a hard world, do you not think, for *Le Merle Blanc* to seek to repair the fortunes of these poor victims of the habit to lose jewels? And there is fortunately the prospect that the scope of the charity shall not be limited by the paucity of the recipients. There is a distinct spread of the dread disease. It has made advances in the ever-growing circles. In a week there has been the case of a lady who has left her necklace of pearls in the compartment while she has taken lunch in the restaurant-car, a manufacturer who has left in a taxi-cab the jewels to the value of 125,000 francs, and, finally, the lady to whom I have referred who has forgotten to remove from a taxi-cab almost a million francs of pearls and other jewels. At each occurrence the value of the treasures which have been lost has increased considerably. So there is plenty of chance for the milk of human kindness to flow without to be stopped by the news that all of the losses have been made good. For many years one of my most terrible worries has been to discover the most deserving charity, to which to lend my aid. *Le Merle Blanc* has pointed to me the way. Perish the thought of the millions who starve when there are the ladies with the millions worth of

"The pearls . . . left in a taxi-cab"

"The opportunities which have not arisen *au tennis*"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

pearls to be replaced! *N'est-ce pas, Eugéne?*

IT is, perhaps, possible that there may be also the comfort and the consolation in this *œuvre charitable* for the mothers who have not succeeded this season to *fiancée* their daughters. There is quite obviously the occasion for a Flag Day which may provide the opportunities which have not arisen at the seaside—*au bain, au tennis, aux dancings.*

"Marcel and I have wept the tears over the letter"

ONE has had the most deep sympathy with the mother who has written to the newspapers how she has not had the least moment of success with Hélène, Yvonne, Celandine, or Jane. It has cost the quite considerable amount of money to dress and to equip them to live the *pleine vie* at a *plage à la mode.* Yet for all that there has happened in the way of a *fiancée,* it would have been just as successful to take the *vacances* in the Bois de Boulogne.

MARCEL and I have wept the tears over the letter of the *mère désolée* because it has reminded us how the times have changed to the disadvantage. It has made us fear that we commence to become old. How terrible to think that there is not ever the moment to flirt *au tennis* in these strenuous days! But the *mère désolée* has explained that although her daughters have the advantage to be gifted with the good looks, they have been completely ignored by the eligibles because they have not a strong "smash" and are inclined to the weakness on the backhand. Not the most *collant* of the *piqué* tennis frocks has been able to make up for this lack of the *bon revers.*

L'*heure du bain* has each of the days presented the similar tragic disappointments. The *mère désolée* has emphasised that the daughters have had the most alluring of the *maillots* which have revealed that they have been favoured by *La Dame Nature* with the form that could not fail to find favour in the masculine eye. But the masculine eye has not even taken the trouble to look. At the least, not the masculine eye of the *jeune homme* who is the object of the mother with the *filles à marier.* The *jeune homme* has not any thought but to swim when he is in the water—one has gathered from the revelations of the *mère désolée*—and if the girls to whom he has been introduced have not been able to swim with him he has left them at the edge.

"Which have revealed that they have been favoured by Dame Nature"

AND the *filles à marier* have fared even worse at the *dancings.* They have had to resign themselves to be the flowers of the wall in the favour of the professionals of the "shimmy" and the "toddle." Not a single dance have they been invited to take after the first—which has revealed that their "shake" was of the standard of the good amateur and not possessed of the "thrill" of the professional. It has been all in vain for them to wear the gowns to ravish and for *maman* to let fall the hints that the *dot* shall be quite in the keeps with the good looks. *Rien à faire.* Not a single sit-out on the terrace, where the lamps are softly lighted and the waves could tinkle the prelude to the "Wedding March." For the *jeune homme* has not permitted himself to miss a single "toddle" or "shimmy." What is there which can be done about it? the *mère désolée* has asked. Well, Marcel and myself will think seriously about it, for our sympathies have been entirely with the *mère désolée.* But we have the fear that it is a very big problem. ROLAND

In the Isle of Arran

Photograph *Sport and General*

DEER STALKING WITH THE MARQUIS OF GRAHAM'S PARTY

Femina

BACK FROM THE HIGHLANDS

We've all come back from Scotland just now, those of us who've been there, and those of us who have not. We've packed away our tweeds and our tartans—if any—for he would be a poor specimen of humanity who couldn't trump up a Campbell or a McDonald of the nice blue and green patterns, if put to it. Forgotten is the scent of the heather, and the golf that we played at North Berwick, and the haggis that we ate and didn't like, and the oatcake which it takes a Scotch constitution to appreciate—and digest. Also the cold and the wet of it, about which I will say as little as possible because a Scotchman's resignation to his climate is past praying for. Probably he prefers it the way he gets it, and has forgotten long ago that there's such a thing as a sun to shine on us, and that the colour of the sky was blue on the day of creation. It's never been blue since, at least, not in Scotland.

There's a story (an ancient one for aught I know to the contrary) that Noah once refused to take McSandy into the Ark for reasons I will not go into because everybody is Scotch in Scotland, and most bodies in England are partly Scotch, when they are not Irish. So he sat down outside (though what he sat on is not quite clear), and said with a look at the rain: "Aweel, the day's just aboot the ord'nar, an' I wouldna' won'er if we saw the sun afore the nicht." A true optimist that!

There's something in Scotch rain which produces a sort of philosophy in the rained-on. See above story. It also produced in me a wild longing to wear a kilt for an autumn suit. The "Black Watch" for the kilted skirt, shall we say, and a nice green coat *à la* Highland chieftain, with a bonnet like Prince Charlie's. Had I been French or American I might have done it and carried off the situation with a swagger, but as it was. . . . Why, I ask you, did we allow those clannish clans to monopolise some of the best patterns and smartest lines in the world? Just the thing they are to cheer up one's tired wardrobe in September, when one's serges are still previous, one's furs *de trop*, and all one's poor draggled muslins are jaded have-beens.

In Scotland you begin the day with porridge, so as to get the proper Scotch feeling into your bones, and you end it with Scotch broth, if your constitution can stand it. Mine didn't. And when you don't shoot, and don't know anybody who does, you join the American invasion and devour all the Scotch romances that come your way. Wrapped in our mackintoshes (in themselves romantic, for isn't there a live Mackintosh of Mackintosh to this day) we tour on dripping coaches from loch to loch, accumulating by the way all sorts of plaids, thistle brooches, bunches of white heather, and tartan-covered copies of *Rob-Roy*.

And why not? Aren't they the concentrated essence of Scotch romance nicely simplified to suit the limitations of an un-Scottish understanding! I used to think it was catching, the understanding, I mean. I never spent a week in Edinburgh without rolling my r's and clipping my words unto the manner born, I flattered myself. But nobody else was illuded in the least.

Always the nicest part of your holiday is the day when you come back to London, and are allowed to get over it; the day when London, if you like London, looks her most ravishing self. The autumn has a way of making the stalest air feel, let me see, invigorating's the word, or at least it is doing it at the time of writing.

On an invigorating September morning, with one's expensive sunburn still upon one (even the rain when it happens to be Scotch will turn you brown), with one's country holiday energy still at fever heat, one feels fit to reform the world, or refurnish the flat, or buy a pair of new gloves; they're all equally expensive. But this autumn, though just as bracing as usual, differs from all other autumns that ever were. Though there's plenty to do, there's nothing to do it with, and it's all very well talking of an autumn season, but who is willing, or able, to pay the piper? It's an expensive job buying a new pair of gloves, or refurnishing the flat, or reforming the world, or even enjoying it unreformed.

CANDIDA

Photograph A NEW VENTURE [*Sport and General*

Miss Fear, at the Wryde Coursing Meeting at Bleak House, Wryde, who is the first woman to take up the training of these coursing Greyhounds as a profession

The Preservation of Game

BY HIGGINS

THE PARTRIDGE (*to his mate*): "The dangers of flying over this moor appear to have been greatly exaggerated!"

"The Huntsman"

["*No Fish fags were so perishable as a 'untsman's fame!*"—Mr. Jorrocks]

ON A GOOD SCENTING DAY—"CLEVEREST FELLAR ALIVE!"

BY LIONEL EDWARDS

ON A BAD SCENTING DAY—"BIGGEST FOOL IN CREATION!"

The FOX-HUNTING SEASON

Economy the Keynote

BY A. W. COATEN

Bright Prospects

I NEVER remember a season in which the prospects were more generally cheery than is the case this time. During the last few days reports have come from practically every hunting country of any size, and without exception they speak hopefully of the outlook for the winter's sport. The chief troubles of the moment are shortage of hounds and the lack of funds. The former is not so acute as it was last season. Owing to rationing restrictions so many kennels reduced their packs during the War by at least 50 per cent. that there was an inevitable scarcity of good working hounds when hunting was resumed on normal lines. In another season or two this matter will have righted itself.

L. s. d.

THE lack of money is a much graver problem. Almost every Hunt has found it necessary to put up its rate of subscriptions. M.F.H.'s cannot go on under the old guarantees owing to the vastly increased cost of running a hunt establishment. This means that the average follower of hounds has been obliged to raise his annual "sub.," and at the same time his own individual establishment costs him twice as much as it formerly did. What is the result? Well-to-do people are able to carry on as usual, but many men and women with slender incomes are unable to go the financial pace. They have either had to give up hunting altogether or go out much less frequently than before the War.

The Real Problem

THE last thing we want hunting to become is merely the sport of the rich. "Hunting men and women," writes one of the M.F.H.'s of the Shires, "are not of the class who have profited through the War, but are the poorer, and the difficulty is to know how to find the money to carry on." Yes, that is the real problem. The remedy seems to be for the sport to be carried along on a more simple scale until better times come along. There are plenty of countries in which establishments could be conducted upon less elaborate lines without any serious diminution of sport. Economy is the keynote for fox-hunting until expenses get back to something like their old level.

Solving the Difficulty

ONE need hardly say that many Masters have been obliged to relinquish their official duties since the War by reason of their resources being unequal to the financial strain. One way out of the difficulty has been found in a number of countries in the establishment of joint Masterships. Two pockets are better than one when the heavy outgoings of a modern hunt establishment have to be met. In the old days joint Masterships were not always acceptable to a hunting country, but prejudices of this sort have long since vanished. Reference to the "List of Foxhounds" which is published with this issue will show that between thirty and forty packs are now under dual control. Even the Brocklesby Hunt, which has been privately run by the Earls of Yarborough from the earliest days of the sport, has now taken a joint Master. Sir Charles Wiggin becomes Lord Yarborough's partner, and will also hunt the hounds in succession to Jim Smith, who retires after twenty-five years in the job.

Women to the Fore

BUT perhaps the most interesting of all these arrangements is in High Leicestershire, where two ladies now control the destinies of Fernie's Hunt. This is the age of woman in sport, and in the hunting field the ladies take a place of prominence which is a continual source of wonderment to old-time foxhunters. Little could Mr. W. W. Tailby have contemplated that the country over which he presided years ago would eventually be hunted by two of the fair sex. Last season Mrs. Fernie, having taken her late husband's place in the Mastership, showed her followers very good sport. She was instrumental in retaining the services of Arthur Thatcher, still one of the best huntsmen in the land, and those who hunted in High Leicestershire certainly had no cause to complain. The Prince of Wales was among those who enjoyed good runs with the Fernie. The financial problem made it doubtful whether Mrs. Fernie could go on, but this was solved when another sportswoman, Mrs. W. Faber, came forward with an offer to join her in the Mastership. The members of the Hunt gladly acquiesced in this arrangement. Formerly Mrs. Arthur Byass, the new joint Master is the wife of Colonel Walter Faber, M.P. For a number of seasons she has ridden to the front with the Pytchley, and, like Mrs. Fernie, she is a practical foxhunter.

Photograph *Topical Press*

MRS. WALTER FABER

One of the keenest sportswomen in the Shires, who has joined Mrs. Fernie as M.F.H. in High Leicestershire

Famous Yorkshire Packs

TWO of the leading packs in Yorkshire are now under joint Masterships. Colonel G. R. Lane-Fox, M.P., has found himself unable to carry on the Bramham Moor single-handed, and is joined by Lord Lascelles. Next season the latter will take over complete

control with his brother. The hounds will then leave Bramham Park, where they have been kennelled for a century or more. Thus are old associations being broken up, though in this case it has to be borne in mind that the Lascelles have always been great supporters of the Bramham Moor Lord Middleton is no longer M.F.H. This grand old sportsman having carried on his famous pack for forty-four seasons, has retired, and Lord Grimthorpe and Colonel M. Borwick succeed him as joint Masters. The pack will still be known as the Middleton Hunt, and will be kennelled at their old home at Birdsall.

FAMOUS

Our Sporting Farmers

DECIDEDLY the most satisfactory feature in foxhunting since the end of the War has been the splendid support the farmers are giving to the sport. They, of course, have always been the backbone of hunting. Any doubt as to their attitude towards the sport after the War was quickly dispelled. Collectively speaking, they welcomed the resumption of regular foxhunting with undisguised satisfaction, and they have done everything they can to help to put the sport on its legs again. More than this, they have shown in a practical way that the sporting instinct is as much alive in the British yeoman as it was a century ago.

Out with the Hounds

APPARENTLY, farmers have decided that they will ride to hounds themselves as in the old days and send their sons and daughters in the field. Thus last season more farmers were out with hounds than any veteran could remember. The presence of the farmers at the meets was delightful, and helped to establish that note of democracy which promotes rather than impairs the true interests of foxhunting. This practical support of the farmers is all the more satisfactory since nobody was certain how the wind would blow after the War.

CAPTAIN MARSHALL O. ROBERTS
Who has just joined Colonel Birkin in the Mastership of the South Notts Hounds

Some Reports

LET me give you some extracts from reports I have received bearing upon this subject of farmers and foxhunting. Writing from the Albrighton country, Mr. Sam Loveridge says: "Small holdings are on the increase, and will, no doubt, cause a certain amount of trouble, but the new landlords (who have bought their farms) are most kind to foxhunting. And with many of the old landlords keeping on their estates we hope still to keep the old sport going." From the Avon Vale country Captain Webb Applegate writes that "foxes are very plentiful and the farmers exceptionally keen and sympathetic." Speaking of the Grafton country, Captain R. Pomeroy says that prospects are excellent, there being plenty of cubs in all parts. There have been very few further changes in the ownership of the land here, and in most cases where farms have been sold they have been bought by the tenants. Lord Hillingdon's second season as Master looks like being as great a success as was his first.

Lord Ludlow's Country

LORD LUDLOW has taken Lord Cavan's place in the Hertfordshire country, and will have an excellent supply of foxes to start with. The litters are large, while cubs were whelped early and are well grown. Land-owners and covert-owners are most helpful, while a large percentage of Hertfordshire farmers turn out regularly. With the help of the Master and Hunt members the wire is being taken down and partially replaced

LORD LUDLOW
The new Master of the Hertfordshire Hounds

MASTERS

by timber. The Hunt servants have been splendidly mounted by Lord Ludlow. From the Ledbury country our report runs: "Prospects are very good. There are plenty of foxes everywhere, and the farmers are all great supporters, especially with regard to having their wire down during the season." This from the Llangibby country, in Monmouthshire: "With a most sporting set of farmers, combined with a popular Master, foxhunting is going as well as ever here." And of the neighbouring Monmouthshire pack, which has just lost its Master by the death of Sir Arthur Herbert, it is said: "Very little wire in the country, and farmers keen and sporting. Every prospect of a splendid season for this old pack in its very sporting country."

From Various Hunts

In the Oakley country, where Captain Esmé Arkwright has resumed office, we are told there is "very little wire and arrangements have been made for its removal." The Master of the Silverton reports "a very good feeling among the farmers and the whole countryside, as shown by the numbers who are turning out for the early cubbing fixtures." Of the Sinnington it is said that "prospects were never brighter. Foxes are plentiful and the farmers, a great many of whom now own their farms, are very friendly towards the sport. So far the cub-hunting season has been a record one." Earl Bathurst's Hounds, which had a remarkably good season last winter, look to be in for another just as successful. "Plenty of foxes, practically no wire, and the farmers a really keen sporting lot, who support the Hunt well," says our report.

MAJOR W. H. GOFF
Who has taken the Lanarkshire and Renfrewshire pack

Forage For Nothing

These extracts are quoted as typical of the satisfactory news from most countries. Most noteworthy of all is the report from the Percy country, which states that the farmers, not content with supporting the Hunt in the usual directions, have arranged amongst

CARICATURES BY "THE TOUT"

On these pages many faces which are familiar to followers of hounds are to be found. Veterans like the Marquis of Zetland, the Duke of Beaufort, and Mr. Wroughton, represent the old school of foxhunting. Mr. W. J. Baird, the new Master of the Cottesmore, is typical of the new school which is coming forward to fill the gaps as the old hands drop out

themselves to supply all the forage for the Hunt horses free of charge. "I do not believe that such a thing has been done in any other country in England," declared the Duke of Northumberland when speaking at the puppy show recently.

Absent This Season

THIS season the Prince of Wales will be far from the scene of his activities last winter. No doubt, if he has any leisure hours, he will find a new field for his energy on the Indian polo fields. How completely he enjoyed his last season's foxhunting experiences! It was the first time he had been able to devote so much time to the sport, and he lived every hour of his hunting days. Pytchley, Warwickshire, Fernie, Quorn, Grafton, and other packs claimed him for a follower. "Be with them I will!" was the Prince's motto when riding to hounds, and there was no more ardent foxhunter in the Shires. Next season, I hope, he will be able to enjoy the sport once more.

Pytchley Change

MEANWHILE the Pytchley country, which was his headquarters last winter, has passed into new leadership. Sir Charles Frederick, who did remarkably well during two difficult seasons, is replaced by Sir Charles Lowther and Major H. S. Cayzer—another addition to the growing list of joint Masters. Sir Charles, of course, has already been Master of the Pytchley, but the War broke out before he had properly settled down in the position. There is no stronger horseman, even in a country celebrated for its dashing riders. Major Cayzer can also hold his own when hounds are running their hardest over the grass, and with Frank Freeman recovered from the hard knocks he received last season there should be a lively time for the Pytchley people if scent serves well. A pity, however, that wire should have crept up so much in this well-favoured hunting region. Want of rain rather curtailed cubhunting operations with the Pytchley last month, but there is no doubt about the fox supply. Their neighbours, the Woodland Pytchley, started cubbing on August 15, but they had to stop for a time owing to the hard ground. Captain George Bellville is assured of a good season if we get an adequate supply of moisture.

LT.-COMMDR. H. S. EGERTON, R.N.
The new Master of the East Sussex Foxhounds

In the Shires

MAJOR BURNABY and Mr. W. E. Paget go on with the Quorn. It is an excellent combination, and their outlook for the coming season is excellent. This portion of the Shires does not seem to be much troubled with wire. I am sorry to learn that distemper carried off nearly all the Quorn young entry, so they will be decidedly short of hounds. Their neighbours, the Cottesmore, have a new M.F.H., Mr. James Baird having succeeded Lord Lonsdale. His father had the pack for many seasons. Mr. Baird has put on a new huntsman in Jim Welch, who did very well with the Warwickshire, and prospects are decidedly bright. Welch's successor with his former pack is

(*Continued on page 46*)

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THE FOX-HUNTING SEASON (concluded)

W. Littleworth, though Mr. Joshua Fielden will hunt the hounds two days a week. The Belvoir kennel is now back to practically its old strength. Major T. Bouch, one of the best of our "amateur" huntsmen, tells me that the general outlook is distinctly favourable.

Lady Masters

MRS. WALTER FABER is not the only new lady Master of Foxhounds. The Tedworth Hounds, famous since the days of Assheton-Smith, will have the distinction of being carried on under the leadership of Miss Fairhurst this season. The young sportswoman, a daughter of the ex-Master of the Craven Hounds, is very keen upon making her term of office a complete success. The Tedworth country has changed hands many times in recent years, and I wish Miss Fairhurst an enjoyable spell in by no means an easy position. Mrs. T. H. R. Hughes has shown that women can be just as successful as the men in the management of hounds and not grow tired of the responsibilities. This is her twentieth season in the command of her private Welsh pack. Lady Masham goes on with the Bedale Hounds in Yorkshire, and while Miss Edith Somerville has been out of the mastership business for a number of seasons Ireland still has a lady M.F.H. in the person of Mrs. William Hall, who hunts the Carlow country. Yet another woman Master is Miss Guest, whose private pack hunts by arrangement in the Templecombe district.

Many New Masters

IN addition to those who have already been mentioned there are several well-known names among this season's new M.F.H.'s. Captain Marshall Roberts, as keen a foxhunter as he is an enthusiastic golfer, has joined Colonel Birkin in the command of that good mixed country known as the South Notts. Captain J. Harrison Broadley has come forward to fill the gap in the Holderness country caused by the death of Major Clive Wilson, while we find Mr. Rowland Hunt in harness again in the Wheatland country. The Tickham Hounds have been taken over by Captain Edwyn Dawes, who will hunt the pack. His father was Master for some seasons, both by himself and in conjunction with Lord Harris, who is now chairman of the Hunt Committee and a big land-owner. I hear of a good show of cubs in the Tickham country and hounds have started work most promisingly. Major A. C. Bovill is the new Master of the Hampshire Hunt, and in the Heythrop country Captain R. B. Brassey is replaced by joint Masters. There are similar arrangements in the Craven, Cricklade, and Cattistock countries. The East Sussex, the Ludlow, the Old Berkeley, the Newmarket and Thurlow, and the Wylye Valley packs have all found new Masters, and in Scotland Mr. J. W. Buchanan Jardine and Major W. H. Goff are fresh to the list. There can be nothing seriously wrong with foxhunting when the gaps are filled in this way.

The Season in Ireland?

ALL the Irish packs are still going, though how the season will progress there must depend almost entirely upon the present negotiations with Sinn Fein. "A fair show of foxes, but for various reasons the outlook is uncertain," naïvely explains one Irish Hunt secretary. Baron de Robeck has taken over the Kildare hounds again, and there are new joint Masters in the East Galway country. Everybody is hoping for the best. "When one takes into consideration the fact that we had a most successful season last year when 'war' was in full swing," says a Westmeath correspondent, "with the advent of peace, this season should be extra good. Foxes are numerous and the farmers friendly, more of them hunting each year. Best of all, the cost of keeping hunters is coming down." Foxhunters on both sides of the Irish Sea will hope that this optimism may be realised. A.W.C.

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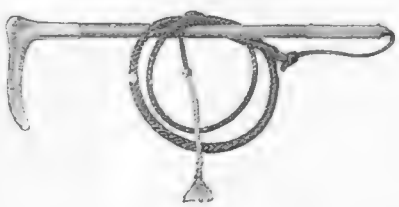

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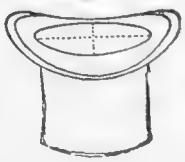

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BY "CARBINE"

At Headquarters

SPORT at Newmarket during the First October meeting was decidedly patchy. On the opening day the racing was exceedingly dull, but it bucked up appreciably on the second afternoon. All the visitors who attended the meeting by rail were delighted with the new Pullman trains which the Great Eastern have put on. They are certainly the last word in travel comfort. Punters on the whole did not fare well at the meeting, though the lucky ones who backed Isle of Wight and Black Gown no doubt came out on the right side. The last-named gave a sparkling display in the Great Eastern Railway Handicap, and he is unquestionably a very smart performer over six furlongs. It is never safe to let him run loose when he is performing over that distance.

Cesarewitch Gossip

OF course, the talk at Newmarket last week was all of the Cesarewitch. Nearly every prediction was accompanied by the proviso "if we get rain." The ground has hardened up again at headquarters, and I never saw so much dust raised on the Rowley Mile as was the case last week. Devizes is greatly fancied by his owner and trainer, but he is such a big-framed colt that the hard going might easily knock him up. I think it would be prudent to keep off him until the day of the race. I found a great deal of opposition to Tishy at headquarters, but she is likely to be seen in public before these notes appear in print, and we can then form a better idea as to her chance. Perhaps the most solidly fancied animal at Newmarket is Front Line. Everybody seems to have a good word for Walter Griggs's horse, and he is certainly doing well in his preparation.

Chat Tor

As for "provincial" Cesarewitch candidates, the pick of the Manton horses seems to be Chat Tor. He, at least, can be depended on to stay the course. Take him on his running at Kempton Park in June and you will see that he ought to beat Harrier, one of the favourites.

By "The Tout"

TISHY'S TRAINER

Reggie Day, is the man of the hour just now; in fact, the knowing ones say that Tishy's Cesarewitch next week is a foregone conclusion. Day controls a powerful stable at Newmarket, his chief patron being Sir Abe Bailey

I certainly think you ought to keep Chat Tor on the safe side. Another for whom I have a respect is Money Glass, while I must also take that fine stayer, Arravale, on my side. His performance at Goodwood was decidedly creditable, though I do not think Flint Jack was fully wound-up that day. If you must have a bet before the day of the race and do not fancy any of the much-boomed favourites I believe that a bit on Chat Tor "each way" will show a profit. I shall have an opportunity of giving my final impressions of the race in next week's issue.

At Kempton Park

ONE of the most popular handicaps of the season is the Duke of York Stakes, to be run on Saturday at Kempton Park, and it would seem useless to discuss Cambridgeshire prospects until this race has been decided. Abbot's Trace is sure to be a strong order this week, but, going strictly on the handicap, can he beat Paragon? Over the same course in the spring the latter defeated Abbot's Trace at equal weights, and now Paragon receives 4 lb. Illuminator runs, but Paragon meets him on such vastly better terms than in the Royal Hunt Cup that the Newmarket colt ought to reverse the placings.

Paragon My Choice

MR. R. C. Dawson has a formidable couple to choose from in Franklin and Highlander. Fancy Man has, apparently, been substantially backed for the Cambridgeshire, so he is hardly likely to run the risk of incurring a penalty at Kempton Park. I do not know whether Reggie Day proposes to run Flamboyant, but if this colt does come out on Saturday he will have to be reckoned with, in spite of his 10 lb. penalty. It is quite evident that we are in for an exceedingly interesting race. I make **Paragon** my selection, but with this reservation—he may be kept back for the Cambridgeshire, in which he is also temptingly handicapped. In that event Abbot's Trace would be my choice on Saturday.

HAVE YOU HEARD A GOOD ONE LATELY?

Prizes for Humorous Stories.

THE BYSTANDER offers the following prizes for the best humorous stories sent in by readers:—

First Prize £10 10 0 Second Prize £7 7 0 Third Prize £5 5 0

Each story must be of a humorous nature, have a Christmas atmosphere and not exceed 350 words in length.

Any number of stories may be submitted by any one competitor. Attempts must reach this office not later than October 20th and be addressed to

The Editor, Bystander Christmas Story Competition, Graphic Buildings, Whitefriars, E.C.4.

The Editor's decision must be final and he reserves the right to publish both successful and unsuccessful attempts. In the case of the publication of stories which do not win prizes, payment will be made at the usual rates for such contributions.

All attempts must be typewritten and bear the full name and address of competitor.

Unsuccessful and rejected stories will be returned if accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes, but the Editor will accept no responsibility in the event of loss.

No stories which have already been published will be considered.

Successful attempts, together with a selection of the next best, will be published in ***THE BYSTANDER ANNUAL*** in November.

(This Annual, by the way, is likely to beat all previous records in Christmas Numbers—even Bystander records.)

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Photograph] GOLFERS OF THE R.A.F. [*L. N. A.*

A group of the competitors at the Championship Meeting of the Royal Air Force photographed outside the clubhouse of the St. George's Hill Club, over whose course the various competitions were held on the Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of last week. The R.A.F. Championship was retained by the holder, Flight-Lieut. Hayward

SPORTS and PASTIMES

LAWN TENNIS

Hard Courts and the Drought

A FORTNIGHT ago I expressed the opinion that the material for the perfect hard court which can be laid in England at a reasonable cost has yet to be discovered, and confirmation of this view has been furnished by recent events. In the early spring the hard courts of the London Flying Club were certainly as good as, if they were not actually better than, any round London. Last week, when the Club's autumn tournament was held, their condition was much less satisfactory. This was not due to any lack of care and attention; nothing, as far as one could see, which could be done in order to maintain them in good order had been left undone, and the sole explanation of their altered condition was expressed in two words—fine weather. The dryness of the summer which had lasted well on into last week had had the effect of gradually loosening a surface which had once been as hard and as firm as anyone could wish. I hear, too, that at the Dovercourt tournament in the previous week the courts, for the same reason, had deteriorated a good deal.

An "All-Weather" Surface

OF course, it may be contended that the summer has been altogether an exceptional one, and that as soon as we begin to get our normal allowance of rain again these drought-afflicted courts will probably regain their pristine firmness; but there is no certainty that this will happen or that we are not in for a cycle of dry summers. Moreover, if, as is prophesied, hard courts are going to be used, as they are on the continent, all the year round, and not only during the winter months or in summer time while grass courts, owing to rain, are temporarily out of commission, it seems imperative that their surface should be capable of standing a spell of hot, dry weather such as frequently occurs in a normal summer. Hitherto court-constructors have concentrated rather too much upon surfaces which are playable after the heaviest rain without paying much heed to the probable effects of strong sunshine or a drying wind. An all-weather surface is, in fact, what is wanted.

HOCKEY

The Hit-In Again

HOCKEY started with the majority of the clubs throughout the kingdom on Saturday last. Apart from the obvious fact that it is going to be a very busy and most successful one, the salient feature of the opening of the season is the reopening of the proposal to substitute a hit-in for a roll-in from touch. When the idea was first mooted some time ago—it emanated from the Midlands—I was against it. I said as much in THE BYSTANDER, and nothing has occurred since to make me alter my views. The laws do not prohibit hitting into touch, and I still think it amounts to—a side for hitting into touch to the same extent as it would be penalised for committing certain breaches of the laws. That is what the effect would be of having a hit-in

Photograph *Sport and General*

WINNERS AT ROEHAMPTON

The Hon. F. M. B. Fisher and Mrs. Peacock, winners respectively of the Men's and Ladies' Singles at the Roehampton Club's autumn lawn tennis tournament. Mr. Fisher also won the Men's Doubles, with W. H. Botsford, and the mixed with Mrs. Larcombe, Mrs. Peacock being second in the last-named event and also in the Ladies' Doubles

instead of a roll-in from touch. I regard this as being just as unfair as it would be to award a free-kick against the side which sends the ball into touch, whether accidentally or deliberately, in Rugby football.

A Wise Precaution

I BELIEVE that the International Rules Board and the officials of the Hockey Association were not at first at all enamoured of the proposed change, but they have, no doubt, acted wisely in suggesting to the Association that leading clubs throughout the kingdom should be requested to play a few games in which the hit-in is to be given a trial.

The Speeding-Up Mania

THE chief argument in favour of the hit-in appears to be that the rolling-in of the ball causes the players to bunch together too much on the five-yards' line, which is inimical to combined, open work among the forwards and half-backs, and that the hit-in will help to speed-up the game. I wonder how many of the people who had the good luck, as I had, to see the last 'Varsity match, thought that the game needed speeding-up? Personally I wondered that the players stuck the extraordinary pace at which that game was played from start to finish in the way they did. It seems to me, in fact, that anyone who says that hockey, as played by its most capable exponents, requires speeding-up is talking nonsense. Hockey, properly played, is already the fastest game there is—with the possible exception of lacrosse, for polo is in a category by itself because the speed is obtained by animals equipped with four legs instead of two.

Photograph Sport and General

R. H. WETHERED

The Oxford University golfer, who, on Wednesday last, with a fine round of 73, won the King William IV medal at the Royal and Ancient Club's autumn meeting, over the old course at St. Andrews

A Pernicious Doctrine

THERE are, however, people who say further, "This may be true enough as far as the good players are concerned, but it is the game of the weaker players which needs speeding up. They are in the majority, and you must legislate for the inexpert majority and not for the expert minority." I affirm without hesitation that this is a most pernicious doctrine. The laws of a game should be framed in the interests of those who know best how to play it. Directly you begin to legislate for the more inexpert you run the risk of spoiling the game as a game. But for the recognition of this fundamental principle the spot-stroke would never have been barred at billiards, and the original height of the net in lawn tennis would never have been reduced. It was the expert volleyer who caused that reduction, and the inexpert "rabbit" along with him had to adapt his play as best he could to the altered conditions. By all means let us have the hit-in if after an exhaustive trial it is shown conclusively that it improves the game as played by the best players. But if its adoption cannot be recommended except as a cure for inefficiency the only safe course is to leave it severely alone.

(*Continued on page 54*)

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
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By Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain

THE GRAND STAND

THE THREE ESSENTIALS.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

THE three essentials to life are food, warmth, and shelter. The arts, being culture's trimmings, are, for the moment, out of fashion.

There is a widespread and justifiable outcry against the inflated prices of food, and, stomach, the weak enemy of mankind, which is always first to surrender, has been exploited by the merry money-makers to the limit of financial capacity.

The essential of shelter has been exploited by doubled rents and quadrupled taxes. And the remaining essential, warmth, represented by coal gas, oil, and electricity, has risen to whatever price the autocrats elect to charge.

In the category of warmth, in these climes clothes must also be included not only for man's necessity but for woman's modesty.

So far as the purveyors of essentials are concerned, Pope & Bradley is the one firm which has steadily fought inflation and extortion, and throughout an era of rapacity and inefficiency, has regarded quality as the cardinal virtue.

Possessing a connection greater than that of any other of the exclusive West End tailors, it has persistently kept its charges moderate, in order to gain the goodwill of its customers, during the critical times.

The minimum prices charged by the firm of ten guineas for a lounge suit and eight guineas for an overcoat barely cover the cost of material and workmanship alone, and despite a wonderful turnover yield an insignificant profit to Pope & Bradley and but little joy to the Inland Revenue Commissioners.

It is utterly impossible to produce the finest quality clothes under the prices quoted here. If they are offered at a lower price it merely means that the bait of cheapness in material and workmanship is held out as a lure to false economy. Lounge Suits from £10 10s. Dinner Suits from £16 16s. Dress Suits from £18 18s. Riding Breeches from £5 15s. 6d. Overcoats from £8 8s.

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Every briar bowl is specially hardened and highly polished. The "push-in" stem fits with *minute precision*. An exceptionally free draught ensures a long, cool smoke under all circumstances.

All leading tobacconists have a selection of CITY PIPES in stock, in all three grades at the following prices.

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Every Razor is packed in a Case.

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The Verdict of Paris

TÉCLA Pearls were first created in Paris, and Paris was the first city in the world to extol and to wear them—Paris, centre of feminine foibles and fashions—Paris, at whose caprice a new name is exalted, or an ancient reputation dies!

Paris has for years signified her approval of Técla Pearls by word and wear, a distinction which she would never have conferred but for their indistinguishable resemblance to the ocean specimens.

And there is no appeal from the verdict of Paris—in gowns, in hats, or in Pearls.

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398 *Fifth Avenue, New York*

SPORTS AND PASTIMES (concluded)

GOLF

Venus Victrix

THE match between the girl champion and the boy champion at Walton Heath last Wednesday ended, as most people expected it would, in a win for the girl. It was an interesting event, but since Miss Winifred Sarson was nineteen last May and Master Donald Mathieson has only just turned fifteen it proved little or nothing. Had the age-limit for the girls' and the boys' championships been the same a match between the winners of them might have helped the investigation of the question whether the superiority of man to woman in golf is likely to increase or diminish in the future.

Looking Ahead

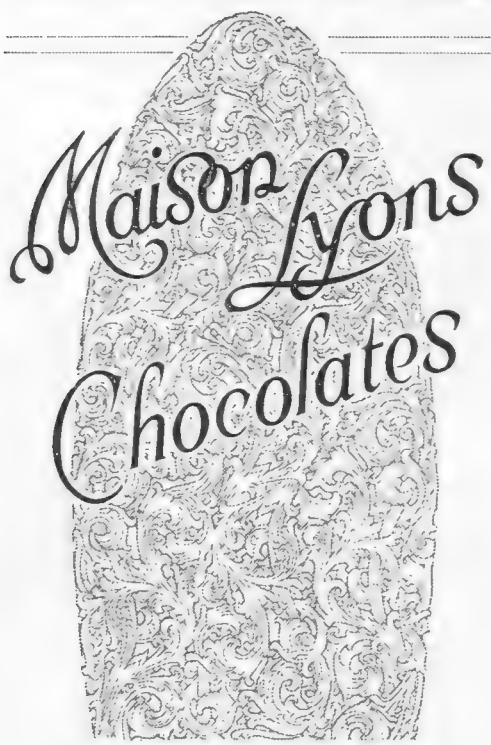
IN all athletic pursuits woman is unable to compete on terms of equality with man because she is—at present, at any rate—his inferior in the matter of physical strength, staying power, and agility. In golf there is no special need for agility, but there is for strength and staying power, which is a form of strength. Miss Sarson, aged nineteen, has, no doubt, yet to reach the zenith of her skill, but in the matter of strength she may be taken to have arrived nearly, if not quite, at maturity. Her boy opponent, on the other hand, aged fifteen, can reasonably hope to be very nearly twice as strong, when he gets to her age, as he is now, and his skill is hardly likely to deteriorate as his strength increases. He will, in fact, stand a better chance of beating her when he is nineteen and she is twenty-four. Had he beaten her last Wednesday we should have been entitled to hail him as something of a phenomenon. But as it is I think that our golfing girls may fairly claim, with their lawn tennis-playing sisters, that they are going ahead more rapidly than the boys, and I am inclined to think that woman is finding a way of overcoming to a great extent the physical disability by which she has hitherto been handicapped. If I am right, croquet, as a game upon which you can always fall back if the worst comes to the worst, is in for a rather poor time.

H. S. S.

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

MISS WINIFRED SARSON AND MASTER DONALD MATHIESON

The boy and girl champions of golf photographed during their match on Wednesday last over the new course at Walton Heath, when Miss Sarson, who is the elder by nearly five years, won by six up and four to play



MAKE an irresistible appeal to the lover of a fine sweetmeat. Try just a half-pound box, and compare the smooth coverings and delicately flavoured centres (hard or soft—in a hundred varieties to suit your taste), and you will understand why they achieved instantaneous popularity. With those who know, Maison Lyons Chocolates are first choice. Sold in the Salons at the Maison Lyons, Corner Houses, and Lyons' Teashops.

A NOTE. When discussing the Annual Dinner of your Society or Regiment, remember that at the Trocadero each detail, from the floral decorations to the service, is in the hands of an expert, which results in a ménage that is a surprise even to the most discerning.

Maison Lyons Chocolates can be obtained from most High-Class Confectioners throughout the Country.

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THE

NON-PINKING

MOTOR SPIRIT

No need to retard the ignition or to throttle down with "Shell"

"PINKING"—that ominous rattling within the cylinder which betrays a labouring and strained engine—can only be stopped by throttling down or *excessively* retarding the ignition, resulting in overheating and loss of power. TRY CHANGING TO "SHELL," the *non-pinking* spirit. A higher compression is possible with "Shell" than with any other petrol, "Shell" Aviation Spirit excepted.

"Shell" Motor Spirit is regularly and scientifically TESTED in a special variable compression research engine, in order that its superiority in power and mileage may be unfailingly maintained.

These tests are carried out under the supervision of well-known scientists in the Testing Laboratories and Works where the famous "tanks" and other machines of war were tested and developed, and where many motor manufacturers send their new units for efficiency tests.

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Autumn with its cold winds is a trying time to the skin, yet a small amount of care will keep it soft and smooth and free from cracks and dryness.

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should be used regularly as a protection before going out and as an emollient after exposure. A small quantity rubbed gently over the face, neck, hands and arms, and wiped off with a soft towel smooths and whitens and gives a perfect complexion. Bottles 1/6 and 2/6 from all Chemists and Stores.

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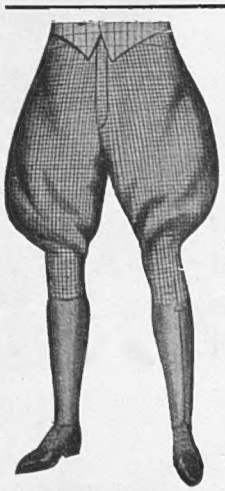

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MOTOR-NOTES

WITH the end of "summer-time" I suppose we can reckon winter is close upon us, but be that as the Clerk of the Weather chooses, darker nights and longer ones are with us. The result is that our lighting sets are being brought more and more in constant use, and should be carefully attended, as I found to my cost recently. Having travelled over nearly two hundred miles in daylight over some rather rough roads, found myself in town at lighting-up time six miles to go and only one head-light and the tail-light bulb left in working order. The police were quite considerate, and said I must get home the best way I could with what was left—and I was left in more ways than one, but not summoned for my involuntary breach of the law. Still, spare lamps all round will have to be a compulsory part of one's travelling kit at all times.

* * *

WRITING about lighting reminds me of a letter I have received from that veteran motor-cyclist, Mr. W. Pratt, who, using a Lucas electric head-lamp on his motor-cycle, regrets that no manufacturers so construct and design these cycle lamps so that the user can pay the compliment to dip or dim these head-lights when approaching motor-car drivers who do this to them. He says: "I always regret that I am unable to retaliate in a like manner as, unfortunately, the makers of the sets which are usually fitted to motor-cycles do not permit of this control, having only one main switch, neither is the lamp fitted with an auxiliary light of less power. If these sets were fitted with a handle-bar controlled switch I am certain that motor-cyclists would be only too pleased to reciprocate in the same manner as car-drivers." I quite agree with him that it would be a good thing if all head-lamps used by all classes of motors had an auxiliary bulb of less power than the main bulb fitted, so that when approaching another motorist the main bulb could be switched out and the glare lessened. But unless the motor-using public demand this from the various makers I don't suppose they will trouble to alter existing patterns.

THE COBBLED WAY OF MONTREUIL

A Napier passing through this old French town, which was the headquarters of the British Army for such a long time during the War

* * *

THE great difficulty in all reforms is to persuade those careless and inclined to be selfish motorists—both car and cycle drivers—to realise that though the most glaring headlights may not affect their admirable vision and general ability not to be dazzled, there are a large body of road users not so blessed as they are. Politeness and consideration to these unfortunates is a

(Continued on page 58)

"BP"

MOTOR SPIRIT

"B.P. means Best Possible—and you simply can't get better."

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

The

"WOLSELEY"

PROGRAMME for 1922.

OWING to the forward state of our manufacturing operations, the "Wolseley" 1922 Season will commence on OCTOBER 1st, 1921. Several new types of carriages are being introduced, making the "Wolseley" range unique in its comprehensiveness.

Recent reductions in the cost of labour and materials have enabled us to rearrange our prices. These new prices, which are based on the estimated average cost for 1922, will operate from October 1st, 1921.

Prices for 1922 Season.

THE "WOLSELEY" TEN

Chassis only	£390	Torpedo (Specification A) ...	£525
Two-seater (Specification A) ...	£475	,, (Specification B) ...	£490
,, (Specification B) ...	£440	Two-seater Coupé (Fixed Head)	£650

Light Delivery Van £400

THE "WOLSELEY" FIFTEEN

Chassis only	£615	Two-seater Coupé	£995
Two-seater Touring Car ...	£795	Saloon, to seat four	£1025
Four-seater Touring Car ...	£795	Single Landaulette	£1050
Sports Model	£900	Four-seater Coupé	£1135

Town Carriage, to seat six ... £1150

THE "WOLSELEY" TWENTY

Chassis only	£950	Landaulette de luxe	£1450
Touring Car de luxe	£1200	Limousine de luxe	£1500
Sports Model de luxe	£1275	Four-seater Coupé de luxe ...	£1500

WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD.
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Indian Depot:
Sandhurst Bridge Road Chaupatty, Bombay.

MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

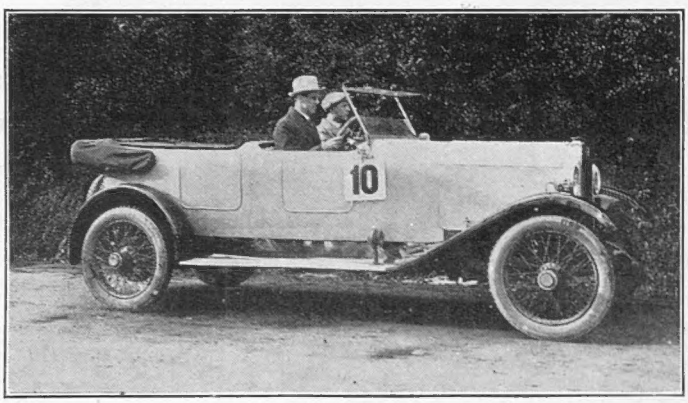
matter that does not enter their mind. If it did I am sure that they would gladly help in creating a general policy of dimming lights, even if it did cost them a small sum to have their own equipment altered to permit them to do so. As for switching off entirely that is a policy that arouses much argument for and against, but everybody will agree that dimming is a considerate habit and free from danger to all parties. Perhaps if every writer on these matters would hammer away as often as possible advocating the creation of such a habit, like the dropping of water on a stone constantly it would wear a hole of consideration into the thickest heads of the motor-driving community which, as Mr. Pratt puts it, "would be welcomed by all."

* * *

MOTOR-BOATING is now practically over for the season, anyway as far as racing is concerned, but I am glad to see that most excellent organiser of transport, Major-General Long, is taking up the question of improving our inland waterways. Our canal system was quite good until the railways killed it, but now there is still an economic traffic which could be carried better and at far less cost by this means than by any other—road or rail. It would also help the motor-boat side of the motor industry which needs it, as if the canals are properly reconstructed to enable full-sized motor-propelled barges or canal-boats, as they prefer to call themselves, to use them they will also be better for purely pleasure motor-boating. I know of nothing so amusing and restful as a holiday tour through England's canals, which can never be dull, as incidents literally fall upon one in such a trip. One seems to meet and visit people and places quite different to the rest of England on the canals. Why, I don't know, except they are often both of the "has been" character. And my experience of these is that they know a great deal, and what they impart is very amusing, both in its expression and character.

* * *

EXHIBITIONITIS is now upon us, as the Paris Motor Show opens to-day (October 5) and the Commercial Motor Vehicle exhibition at Olympia on October 14, next Friday week. Also the City of London Police Reserve parade next Sunday, October 9, in the Temple Gardens, to receive their medal and bar for services—which is an exhibition of another sort. There will be a large number of motorists of all kinds gathered together at all these functions, and that always does good even though business is not quite as brisk as we all wish. At the same time, judging by the success at the Agricultural Motor Trials at Shrawardine, near Shrewsbury, all such meetings add stimulus to business. Stimulants and shows seem to go together hand in hand. OLD HY.



THE WINNING CAR

The Shelsley Walsh Hill Climb Trial was recently won by this Austin Twenty, the firm's well-known sports model

Bolsheviks spare English-woman's life in exchange for a Ciro Pearl Necklet.

The following letter is eloquent proof of the wonderful resemblance of

Ciro Pearls

to the real gems.

"I think you will be interested in the following adventure a string of your pearls underwent. A few months ago I escaped from Russia, but when near the border of Finland, I was stopped by a party of murderous Bolsheviks. They demanded money, but I was penniless—hidden in my hair, however, was a string of Ciro Pearls with a diamond clasp. I had kept it hidden because it was given to me by a dear friend, who became a victim of the Bolsheviks. I offered the necklace, but even then I was hauled before a Commissar and he enquired were the pearls of value. I replied, 'Of great value.' They examined them with greedy eyes and one yelled: 'They have a beautiful lustre.' I was saved and but for that string of Ciro Pearls, I would have been shot. My gratitude to your pearls you can guess."

ON receipt of this letter we invited the writer to choose a necklet to replace the one she had forfeited. We learnt from her, however, that she had already secured another, which she looked upon as her talisman. She added that we were at liberty to use her letter and she would be delighted if its publication increased our sales. In conclusion, she stated —"My interrogators had been stealing jewels for a considerable time and I think that their being deceived is ample proof of the beauty of Ciro Pearls."

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls 16 ins. long, or a Ring, Brooch, Ear-rings or any other Jewel mounted with Ciro Pearls (complete with case). If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within seven days and we will refund your money. Other lengths at proportionate rates. Gold Clasp 2/6 extra.

Descriptive booklet No. 7. containing illustrations of all Ciro Pearl Jewellery (sent post free)

For one guinea you also may have a facsimile of a valuable real necklet.

CIRO PEARLS Ltd. (Dept. 7), 39, Old Bond Street, London, W.1. (Piccadilly End).

Our Showrooms are on the first floor, over Lloyd's Bank. **Indian Branch:** 7, Esplanade East, Calcutta.